

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

No. 412.

NEW SERIES.

No. 22.

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1898.



PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON :

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND Co.

BALTIMORE: JOHN MURPHY AND Co.
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO: BENZIGER BROTHERS.

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The Nottingham Conference.

THE recent gathering at Nottingham has added one more to the list of successful Catholic Conferences for which we are indebted to the Catholic Truth Society. The first of these Conferences was held just ten years ago, and the interval suggests a slight retrospect. In 1888 the prevalent or at least the widespread feeling was that anything in the way of a Catholic Congress was impracticable, and the attempt to hold one was viewed as a somewhat hazardous experiment. No one could take that view now. Rather the general feeling after ten years' experience is that the yearly Conference is an instrument of Catholic progress with which it would be hard to dispense. It is only by degrees, however, that this feeling has become established in its present strength. The Conference of 1888, held in London, was on a small scale in the way of attendance, but the experience of the second London Conference, in 1891, showed that this was due more to the conditions of London life than to any want of interest on the part of London Catholics. It became clear that some large provincial centre was best adapted to the purposes of a Conference, which is only what other Congress-holding bodies had learnt before us. Manchester was the scene of the second Conference in 1889, and was the first to reveal the possibilities of those large and impressive gatherings, which we have since learned to look for almost as a matter of course in the evening meetings of the great Northern and Midland centres. Since the lead was thus given, the growing interest in the work has been marked by the veritable mass-meetings of Liverpool, Preston, and Hanley—in 1892, 1894, 1896, respectively—and doubtless Manchester and Birmingham will know how to rival these when the Conference comes round to them again. Of other towns, Portsmouth in 1893 much exceeded in the matter of attendance the expectations which its small Catholic population justified, and still more must this be said of Bristol

in 1895, while the famous gathering in the Colston Hall—now so unfortunately burned down—and the still more striking gathering at Glastonbury, impressed townspeople and visitors alike as a revelation of unsuspected Catholic strength. The Ramsgate gathering last year was exceptional, being connected with the thirteenth centenary of St. Augustine's coming, but, though the chief purpose which brought Catholics to the place was the service in the tent and not the annual Conference, one could not help feeling that it was the annual Conferences which had taught Catholics how to demonstrate on so large a scale, and that the Conference of the year added to the Commemoration a bulk and volume without which its impressiveness would have been a good deal less.

Along with the progressive improvement in attendance—an important achievement in itself as assisting the Catholics in the different towns to realize their own numbers, and thereby encouraging them to act together and support one another—has been a progress in the character of the discussions and of the profit derived from them. There is not now the difficulty in maintaining the discussions what was sometimes felt in the earlier Conferences, and, which is of more importance, the discussions have grown increasingly practical. To attend them year by year is to gain a valuable education in our Catholic needs and the best ways of meeting them, for the essayists and speakers are wont to be precisely those who can give the most trustworthy information, and form the most competent judgments. As regards the fruits of discussion, some few years back complaints were heard that the resolutions passed came to nothing. Of course, not being the resolutions of an administrative body, they could not be expected to take effect simply because they were passed. They were merely the vehicles of a recommendation to the Catholic public of what was wanted, and the hope which they founded was that by directing attention and stimulating interest, they might lead the way to desirable undertakings on the part of others, and gain a public support for useful undertakings already working. Fruits of this kind are now recognisable in many quarters, particularly in the work done for Catholic sailors.

Nor is it only in what concerns our own internal development that the Conferences have proved themselves to be most valuable agencies. They have also been powerful means of recommending the Catholic claims to the English people

generally, correcting the false notions prevalent, and making it clear that our apostleship to them is inspired by no malign ends, and carried on in no uncharitable spirit. Indeed, the Conferences may certainly score it among their successes that nowhere have they evoked any unpleasantness, but, on the contrary, have always received a welcome from the non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, the former perceiving clearly enough the intense anxiety while setting forth our case to avoid giving offence to others, which has ever characterized the works of the Catholic Truth Society. It is in connection with this work of expounding the claims of the Catholic Church that our present Cardinal's many annual addresses are to be mentioned. No one can doubt of the impression they have made, an impression due chiefly to his clear and incisive statements of facts and principles, set off by the character of his office and dignity, and yet an impression in producing which the Catholic Truth Society, by its Conferences, may claim to have had some little part—the organ-blower's part, let us say. Only his voice could carry so far, but the Conferences have supplied a platform from which it could perhaps carry further than might otherwise have been possible.

This last reflection brings us to the Nottingham Conference of the present year. It is the first Conference which has had to be held without the Cardinal's presence and co-operation. The state of his health made all who were there glad that it should be spared an additional strain. At the same time they knew that a Conference without him must lose much of the weight which had belonged to its predecessors, and they were not without fears whether it would prove possible to hold a successful Conference at all, apart from such a means of commanding attention and interest. This fear proved to be groundless, and that is the first distinctive achievement which the Nottingham Conference can set down to its credit. We missed the Cardinal, and hoped the more that in coming Conferences we may still hear some of those stirring addresses. But we felt that in the future, as in the present, there might be times when circumstances would prevent his attendance, and that it was of importance to know if we could hope even thus to collect together a sufficient number to do a useful annual work. Nottingham, by the precedent it has now set us, has shown that we may justifiably indulge in such a hope. The gatherings were good, in the day meetings particularly, and it was clear that the

Catholics of the town, and Catholic visitors from all parts, were contributing to the attendance in due proportion.

Nottingham's second success was in the character of the discussions. By this we do not mean that we are prepared to assent to all the opinions expressed, but that all the discussions were of real interest, being pleasant, competent, and instructive. The observation made higher up of the Conferences generally, and of their progressive practicality, was specially marked at Nottingham, which struck one as our record attainment in this respect. One could not but feel that an excellent chance of learning many valuable and trustworthy facts, and excellent material for subsequent thinking out, was being afforded one in a very short space of time, and under the pleasantest conditions—for, though some very opposite views were enunciated, there was no friction, the genial tolerance of the Bishop, who had his own very decided views on Rent, as well as on Hymns and Church Music, seeming to pervade the meetings generally.

The texts of the essays read, and likewise of Dr. Rivington's address on the Guardianship of the Faith, have been given in full in the Catholic papers, and those who have read them will not need to be taught their value. Nor are we proposing to take up the discussions which they initiated. We must confine ourselves to what seems essential in an article on the Conference—that is, to gathering up the lessons for the guidance of Catholic activity in the coming period which it may be deemed to have taught us.

It was well that the social problems should be discussed. Whatever view any of us may take as to the propriety, or desirability, of particular measures, we must, as Catholics, all feel deeply that the condition of the poor is sad in the extreme, and that it belongs to us as children of the Church, instinct with her spirit of justice and charity, to be in the front rank among the strivers after a more humane and Christian state of things. This certainly was the very pronounced feeling of the Conference, and it is in connection with it that Mr. Devas's essay on Christian Democracy came in so appropriately. There was a little discussion as to the fitness of the term, for which some wanted to substitute Christian Collectivism, and which he himself defended only on the ground that it was the best obtainable. It seems to us, however, just the term that was needed. The word "democracy" may sometimes be misused to denote not a system of government, but that pursuit of the

common good which is the only legitimate end of all government whatever. Still, our present position is that we are in deed, if not in name, under the rule of a Democracy, and our endeavour must be, so far as lies within our power, that it shall be a Christian, not a Pagan Democracy—in other words, a Democracy which sets before it Christian, not Pagan objects and principles of government. It must have three trade marks, said the essayist. It must not regard law as the mere expression of the will of the people, but must seek to adapt the law of nature, which is the law of God, the general principles of justice and charity, to the circumstances of the times. It must make war, not against inequality, which is pure nature, but against the abuse of inequality; and must try to promote harmony, not discord, between the different classes. It must have no illusions about the possibility of removing all evils and imperfections from the social system, but must labour quietly to make the best of the present world by insisting that the claims of justice shall be resolutely respected, and by evoking the spirit of a far-reaching charity to fill the gaps which unaided justice cannot help leaving. These are generalities, though important generalities. Passing to the concrete, Mr. Devas defined the measures chiefly pressing on the Democracy, if it is to be Christian, as an extension of the agencies for the protection of labour to the classes as yet insufficiently reached by them, such as the poor sempstresses and the factory children; the formation of such associations common to masters and men as may avail to keep down ruinous competition; the multiplication of small proprietors, always an element of stability in a country, and their protection by more resolute laws against usury, and laws for the exemption of homesteads from execution for debt. There are other hardships of the poor demanding relief, and there is the greatest problem of all, how to assist those who through weakness of body or character are the failures in the competition of the labour market. But it is good to have a few useful aims placed definitely before us as being such as with reasonable efforts we may hope to attain to, and those mentioned seem to be of this kind.

The discussions on Church Music and Church Hymns ran together, but, not being musical, we must leave the former alone, content with accepting the principles laid down by Canon Connelly as undoubtedly just. Surely no one can refuse to accept the canon that Church Music should be (1) conformable

to the principles of the Art of Music, and (2) in perfect conformity with the sacred rites and words with which it is associated. But the question is of the application of this canon, and though there can be no doubt whatever that it excludes music which we often hear, there appears to be a wide divergence of opinion as to what is and what is not music suitable for bringing out the force and meaning of the words and rites. Until this divergence of opinion is removed, either by the voice of authority or by the cogency of the reasons offered, surely each should allow to others the liberty he claims for himself.

As regards Hymns, Mr. Britten did a good service by calling attention to the literary defects of many which are in use among us. We can hardly open a hymn-book without finding numerous hymns which are either sheer doggerel, or if of general merit have nevertheless weak lines and inappropriate phrases offensive to cultivated taste. Some amusing illustrations of this were given in the essay, sufficient to cause the evil to be widely recognized and to set us all thinking of the best remedy. Certainly a remedy is wanted. There is no bad taste in the Bible, though most of the writers were poor men, and for many centuries good taste pervaded the liturgical compositions of the Church, as it did her architecture. It was that mischievous Renaissance which introduced the false notes, but it is now beginning to be found out, and we are returning to purer models. What, however, is the remedy, in this matter of our popular hymns?

Here we must join issue with the essayist. His remedy is to prune out all hymns in present use which do not conform to a high literary standard, and then out of the satisfactory remainder to form a single hymn-book, the exclusive use of which shall be enforced by episcopal authority, future hymn composition being resolutely discouraged. It seems to us that an opposite course is preferable. There is something besides artistic merit to be sought for in a hymn. A good hymn has in it a singular power to move the soul. This is a point to which Father Faber calls attention in the Preface to his *Hymns*. He had felt how "the means of influence which one school of Protestantism has in Wesley's, Newton's, and Cowper's hymns, and another in the more refined and engaging works of Oxford writers, and which foreign Catholics also enjoy in the *Cantiques* and *Laudi*, are, at present at least, unfortunately wanting to us in our labours among the hymn-

loving English." He wished to originate a movement for the supplying of so urgent a need, and he has certainly succeeded. We owe it mainly to his endeavours that our people are now provided with a body of hymns, for which it is not too much to claim that experience has proved them to be real means of grace. And among those which are thus grace-giving some must be included which on their literary side are open to adverse criticism. We would not place in this category the hymn which our literary rigorists are fond of calling "*O Mother, I.*" That is, we make bold to say, an excellent hymn, as well as one which has done a world of good; nor is it justly open to the ridicule cast at its first line. It is not Father Faber, but the perversity of singers and readers, which is responsible for the false emphasis. "*O Mother, I could weep for mirth*" is the full line. Nor is the word "mirth," a word of which Father Faber was fond, inappropriate. It is no doubt inappropriate on the lips of those to whom it suggests only the notion of joking and sporting. But it is the very word required, if taken in the obviously intended sense in which the Protestant Version translates James v. 5: "If a man be merry, let him sing psalms;" that is to say, in the sense of "a lightness, airiness, hilarity of spirit, free from all care or trouble, seriousness or sadness." Father Faber's other hymn on the Immaculate Conception, "*O Purest of Creatures,*" is an example of what we have in view in saying that hymns may be devotionally invaluable, and yet marred by literary defects. The images here are confusing, when one begins to analyze them. A star is something outside our world, which it blesses with its light, and it is confusing to have it presently spoken of as an earthly lodging, a spot where the spirit brooding over the earth can rest untroubled. Still the hymn has assisted us, as nothing else has done, to realize the full significance for men of our Lady's great privilege, and we simply cannot spare it. "*Full in the panting heart of Rome*" is of course not Faber's, but it is another example of a hymn marred by grave literary defects, and at the same time of solid devotional value. It is important for us to have a hymn which can give expression to the devoted loyalty to the Holy See of Catholics throughout the world, and this it does in just that simple and striking manner which goes to the heart of the people while they sing it. Such illustrations could be multiplied without difficulty, but these two are sufficient to convey our meaning.

If we may be allowed to adopt the saying of an ancient Father, *Non in æsthetica placuit Deo salvum facere populum suum*. We cannot consent to deprive our people of hymns which are doing them so much good, merely because a refined taste is annoyed by some portions of their phraseology. Or rather, if we are to surrender them, we must be first provided with others to take their place. We want, in short, not to stay the composition of new hymns, but to encourage it; only we must encourage writers to supply us with hymns which will unite in themselves the two qualities, that of moving the soul to the better and more glowing appreciation of some spiritual truth, and that of conforming, as so many of our Breviary hymns do, to the highest standards of poetic expression. Gradually this may be done. Mr. Britten justly singled out for commendation "Martyrs of England standing on high." That is a new hymn, but it has taken its place among us, and will stay. Why should it not be followed by others, and perhaps too by some recastings of existing hymns, such as would remove the blemishes while retaining the excellencies which attach us to them? Our literary critics will and should watch with lynx eyes to detect and exclude the inartistic rubbish which some pens are sure to offer us, and on the other hand, if ever a hymn is offered which combines with poetic merit that power to stir heart and mind which is the essence of a good hymn, popular devotion may be trusted to take it up. In short, not in any starvation system, but in the continuous provision of good viands, served on clean dishes, lies, if we mistake not, the true remedy for our present slipshod hymnody.¹

The last afternoon of the Conference was devoted to a subject than which none certainly could be more practical. Father St. John, so well-known for his patient and successful work for our destitute children, and Mrs. Katharine Parr, a Poor Law Guardian of much experience in the North of London, called the attention of the Conference to the crying need of arrangements for the after-care of our children, boys and girls, who having finished their time at our schools have begun to work for their living. It is most important that the existence of this need should be brought well home to the minds of Catholics throughout the country, and we cannot do better than quote a paragraph from Father St. John's essay.

¹ Elsewhere in this number we have given our welcome to the first instalment of the *Arundel Hymns*.

The ordinary boy cannot earn enough to support and clothe himself on just leaving school unless he lives with his own parents, who make no profit out of him, and as our institution boys have no parents, or else have only parents from whom they have been rescued years gone by, it follows that no institution boy should be let to leave after finishing his school course without a guardian who will faithfully watch over him, and assist him until he is a man. Take, for instance, the case of an average boy of fourteen who has been carefully educated in a good Catholic Home, and who is at that age sent out to earn his living. He is provided with a good outfit of clothes, and work is found for him in some factory where he has every opportunity of learning work, for which he will be well paid when a man ; his wages, at the very outside, will be 7s. a week, and very likely 6s., or even 5s., and he will have to pay at least 2s. 6d. or 3s. per week for lodging and washing, and he is left with, say 3s. or 4s. to provide himself with food for a week, and maintain his wardrobe. This he cannot possibly do unless he is quite out of the ordinary composition of a boy ; and on getting his wages, he will probably spend his 3s. on his lodging, and spend a shilling more on getting a square meal, and perhaps a 6d. or so on going to an entertainment after his hard week's work, and before the week is half gone he finds himself without money to procure food, and is placed in grave temptation of being dishonest. Even if at this tender age he is a careful financier, he is not likely to go many weeks without coming to grief. I have often known a boy becoming absolutely destitute simply because he had met with some little accident, say a cut finger, which prevented him doing his work, and as soon as his wages are stopped, he usually, as a rule, begins to pawn his clothes for food, and in a few days is in rags, and is then discharged from his work, even if well enough to do it, on account of his untidy appearance.

No wonder there is wholesale leakage whilst this crying necessity is left untouched. What is wanted, is the multiplication of Working Boys' Homes. There are one or two already established—as in the Blackfriars Bridge Road, in Liverpool, and in Edinburgh—and they are working well. The boys live together under suitable management, bringing in such wages as they can earn, and so contributing to their own support, as far as they are able, whilst the deficiency is supplied from funds which must be otherwise collected. As the boys grow older and more proficient they can support themselves adequately, and meanwhile they have been trained in the use of money, whilst the wholesome amusements and relaxations which their age requires can be provided. The success of these few Boys' Homes should be an encouragement to start others, and it is greatly to be hoped that the Conference discussion

may stir up earnest Catholics in all the large centres of population, and make them dissatisfied until they have grappled with the evil in their own neighbourhoods. It would be a consoling evidence of progress if, when the Conference assembles again next year, it could record that the idea had been actively taken up, and that at least some few additional Homes had been opened, with the prospect of more to follow. After all, the expenses should not be too serious. There are the boys' earnings, and it is possible to get a small grant per head from public sources. It is the supplementing of these which is needed.

The difficulty for the girls when they leave school is not quite the same, and perhaps not quite so serious. In domestic service their entire keep is provided for, and it is into domestic service that they mostly go; *à propos* of which it was interesting to hear from Mrs. Parr that, contrary to what is often thought, the demand for these convent-trained girls is greater than the supply, and that Protestant mistresses are often prepared to wait in order to obtain them. But these girl-children need to be looked after in the lonely lives which as general servants they are commonly compelled to lead. It is this need to which Mrs. Parr drew attention. Much is done by the convents themselves, which endeavour to keep old pupils about them by periodical meetings. In London, too, there is the Metropolitan Association for befriending Young Servants, of which Princess Christian is the President. It is undenominational, but each branch has at least one Catholic visitor to look after the Catholic girls in its district. This is something, but again, what is wanted, is to extend to other places throughout the kingdom agencies which, having been tried in one or two places, are found to have about them the elements of success.

And here we may leave the subject, content if we have been able to press seriously on the attention of our readers the appeals of this useful Conference. The opportunity must not, however, be lost of acknowledging the kind welcome given to all present by the Bishop, clergy, and Catholic people of Nottingham, and likewise the hard, self-sacrificing labours of the Local Committee.

“The Making of Religion.”

II.

How, apart from the imperfect lingering tradition of some primitive revelation, the belief in a surviving soul originates with contemporary savages, or might have originated among still ruder past races, is a question of some interest, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of whatever little light it may throw upon the more vital question as to the value of that belief. Had the doctrine of souls no other origin than a false inference from the ordinary phenomena of sleeping and dreaming ; were it in no sense an instinctive belief, suggested perhaps and confirmed by supernormal facts, it would still have interest for the anthropologist as one of those almost necessary and universal errors through which the human mind struggles to the truth, such as the error touching the revolution of the heavenly bodies ; but it would in no way contribute to the argument for immortality *ex consensu hominum*—an argument of much avail when it is a case of man’s instinctive judgments and primary intuitions, which are God-given, but of ever less value in proportion as there is a question of deductions, inferences, and self-formed judgments. Even if we discard the dream-theory altogether, we get no support from the consensus of savages as to the soul’s survival, unless we have reason to think that the facts on which their inference rests are truly, and not only apparently supernormal, and are, moreover, such as leave no other inference possible.

We know only too well that there are universal fallacies as well as universal truths of the human mind. For the practical necessities of life the imagination stands to man in good stead, but as the inadequate instrument of speculative thought its fertile deceitfulness is betrayed in his very earliest attempts at philosophy ; nor are his subsequent efforts directed to anything else than the endeavour to correct and allow for its refractions and distortions, to transcend its narrow limitations, to force it to

express, meanly and clumsily, truths which otherwise it would entirely obscure and deny. There might well be facts, nay, there are undoubtedly facts, which to the untutored mind necessarily and always seem altogether supernormal, but which science rightly explains to be, however unusual, yet natural, and in no way outside the ordinary laws. So far as the marvels of sorcerers and medicine-men are the work of chicanery, they will lack that persistence and ubiquity which justifies the investigation of other marvels for whose universality some basis must be sought in the uniform nature of things. Cheats will not always and everywhere hit on the same plan, nor will the independent testimony of false witnesses be found agreeing.

But if besides facts and appearances that science can really explain away, there be a residue which takes us into a region wherein science as yet has set no foot, then we may indeed be on our way to a confirmation of the usually accepted arguments for immortality by which the positivist may be met upon his own ground. In truth, metaphysical, moral, and religious arguments, however much they may avail with individuals who are subjectively disposed to receive them, cannot in these days influence the crowd of men who need some sort of violence offered to their intellect if they are to accept truths against which they are biased. The temper of the majority is positivist; it will believe what it can see, touch, and handle, and no more. If then the natural truth of the independent existence of spirits can be made experimentally evident—and *a priori*, why should it not?—men may not like it, but they will have either to accept it, or to deny all that they accept on like evidence. Such unwilling concession would of itself make little for personal religion in the individual; but its widespread acceptance could not fail to counteract the ethics of materialism, and so prepare the way for perhaps a fuller return to religion on the part of the many.

It is the belief, and perhaps the hope, of not a few men of light and learning that a comparison of the results of the S. P. R. investigations with those of anthropology touching the beliefs and superstitions of savages and ruder races, may point to an order of facts which are rightly called supernormal, with reference to the admissions of existing science, and yet which are in another sense strictly normal, namely, with reference to that science of experimental psychology which, amid the usual storm of ridicule and jealousy, is slowly struggling into existence

—ridicule from all devout slaves of the intellectual fashion of the times; jealousy from the neighbour sciences of mental physiology and neurology, which it declares bankrupt in the face of newly-discovered liabilities.

So far this gathered evidence seems, in the eyes of some of its interpreters, to point to a close connection, if not of being at least of influence, between soul and soul, such as binds each atom of matter to every other; a connection which increases as we descend from the above-ground level of full consciousness, through ever lower strata of subconsciousness, to those hidden depths of unconscious operation from which the most unintelligibly intelligent effects of the soul proceed—as though, in that darkness, it were taught by God, and guided blindfold by the hand of its Maker. In other words, the individuation of souls is conceived to be somewhat like that of the separate branches of the same tree which, traced downwards, run into a common root, from whence they are differenced by every hour of their growth, yet not disconnected,¹ as though each several consciousness sprang from some unconscious psychic basis common to all, wherein, like forgotten memories, the experiences of all are buried, at a depth far beyond the reach of all normal powers of reminiscence, yet through which terminus of converging souls thoughts can in our intenser moments pass from mind to mind, reverberated as it were from the base, and thence caught by the one consciousness altogether resonant to that particular vibration. How far such an interpretation may favour pantheism, or imperil personality, or involve a doctrine of "pre-existence," or of innate ideas, is not for us here to discuss. If we are to judge it fairly, it must be simply as a provisional working hypothesis explanatory of certain observations, and apart from all other psychological theories with which it may seem in conflict. Truth will in the end adjust itself with truth, but nothing is to be hoped from forced and premature adjustments.

Mr. Lang's second and principal contention is that even if

¹ The private revelations of an uncanonized recluse can give no authority to this conception, especially as some of her doctrine is scarcely tenable, still, as an illustration, it is interesting to find Mother Julian of Norwich writing: "God is more nearer to us than our own soul; for He is the ground in whom our soul standeth. . . . For our soul sitteth in God in very rest, and our soul standeth in God in secure strength, and our soul is naturally rooted in God in endless love," &c. (*Revelations*, chap. lvi.) This need not necessarily involve either pantheism or ontologism, though it lends itself readily to either perversion.

we allow the animistic account of the origin of belief in spirits, in no sense can we admit that process by which belief in God is supposed to be a later development of the belief in spirits, as though inequality among spirits had given rise to aristocracy, aristocracy to monarchy.

By God here we understand: "a primal eternal Being, author of all things, the father and the friend of man, the invisible omniscient guardian of morality,"¹ a definition which, while it fixes the high-water mark of monotheism, yet only states with formidable distinctness what, according to Mr. Lang, is found confusedly in the apprehension of the rudest savages. There are two senses in which we can understand an evolution of this idea of God; first, as Mr. Tylor understands it, in the sense of a development by accretion from a simple germ, from the idea of a phantasm nowise a god, to that of a spirit still lacking divinity, to that of a Supreme Spirit in whom first the essential definition of God is somewhat fulfilled. Secondly, it can be understood strictly as a mere unfolding of the contents of a confused apprehension; so that there is an advance only in point of coherence and distinctness. Thus understood, the entire religious history of the race, as also of the individual, viewed from its mental side consists in an evolution of the idea of God and culminates in a face-to-face seeing of God.

From the evidence amassed, or perhaps rather, sampled, by Mr. Lang it would seem that what we account the lowest races are in possession of a confused idea of God, whencesoever derived, which is in substantial agreement with the reflex conception contained in the above definition; and that there is no existing series of intellectual stages whereby this idea can be seen, as it were, in the act of growing out of previous simpler ideas. Evolution in the direction of greater clearness and distinctness is to be observed, as well as a downward process of obscuration and confusion; but for a substantial development of the idea of God from an idea of "not God" there is no proof forthcoming so far.

On the animistic hypothesis we should be prepared to find the notion of God, as above stated, to be of very late development and accepted only by races fairly advanced in culture. We should, *a priori*, deem it impossible to discover more among the lower savages than a rude religion of ghost-worship, without any consciousness of a moral supreme being, the father and

¹ P. 173.

friend of man. Whatever might seem to suggest the contrary, would be explainable by some infiltration of more civilized beliefs.

Armed with this hypothesis the eye is quick to see that it brings with it the power of seeing, and to impose its own forms and schemata on the phenomena offered to its observation. The "animist" ill-acquainted with the savage's language and modes of thought; excluded from those inner "mysteries" which figure in nearly every savage religion; confounding the symbolism, the popular mythology, and also the corruptions, distortions, and abuses which are the parasites of all religion, with the religion itself, can easily come away with the impression that there is nothing but ghost-worship, priestcraft, and superstition, no conception whatever of a personal Power that makes for Righteousness. If Protestants have almost as crude an idea of the religion of their Catholic fellow-Christians with whom they live side by side, and converse in the same language; if they are so absolutely dominated by their own form of religious thought, as to be as helpless as idiots in the presence of any other, can we expect that the ordinary British traveller, "brandishing his Bible and his bath," strong in the smug conviction of his mental, moral, and religious pre-eminence, will be a very sympathetic, conscientious, and reliable interpreter of the religion of the Zulu or the Andamanese?

The fact is that without a preliminary hypothesis he would see nothing at all except dire confusion. But an assumption such as that of "animism," has the selective power of a magnet, drawing to itself all congruous facts and little filings of probability until it so bristles over with evidence that a hedgehog is easier to handle.

But before discussing the relation of this assumption to existing facts and so bringing it to an *à posteriori* test, let us examine its *à priori* supports.

First of all, as Mr. Lang points out, it takes for granted that the savage can have no idea of the Creator until he conceives Him as a spirit. "God is a spirit," has been dinned into our ears from childhood; and hence we conclude that he who has no notion of a spirit can have no notion of God; and that the idea of God is of later growth than that of a ghost. In truth, he who ascribes to God a body does not know all about Him; but which of us knows all about God? The point is, not whether the savage can know the metaphysics of divinity, but

whether he can conceive a primal eternal moral being, author of all things, man's father and judge—a conception which abstracts entirely from the question of matter and spirit. We ourselves, like the savage, necessarily speak of God and imagine Him humanwise,—although our instructed reason, at times, corrects the error of our fancy, and perhaps only "at times," only when we leave the ground of spontaneous thought, to walk on metaphysical stilts; nor while that childish image remains uncorrected and we neither affirm nor deny to Him a body, can our notion be called false, however obscure it be and inadequate. If the savage has no notion of spirit, yet he may have, and often seems to have a very true, though of course infinitely imperfect, notion of God; nay, perhaps a truer notion than those who affirm, without any sense of using analogy, that God is a spirit. For if His spirituality is insisted on, it is rather to exclude from Him the grossness and limitation of matter, and to ascribe to Him a transcendental degree of whatever perfection our notion of spirit may involve, than to classify Him, or to predicate of Him that finite nature which we call a spirit. God is neither a spirit nor a body; but rather like Ndenei of the Fijians: "an impersonation of the abstract idea of eternal existence,"¹ one who is to be "regarded as a deathless *Being*, no question of 'spirit' being raised";² so that the first intuition of the unsophisticated mind is found to be in more substantial agreement with the last results of reflex philosophical thought, than those early philosophizings which halt between the affirmation and denial of bodily attributes, unable to prescind from the difficulty and unable to solve it. The history of the Jews, nay, the history of our own mind proves to demonstration that the thought of God is a far easier thought and a far earlier, than that of a spirit. Our mind, our heart, our conscience, affirm the former instinctively, while the latter does continual violence to our imagination, except so far as spirit is misconceived to be an attenuated phantasmal body. Not only, therefore, does the savage imagine God and speak of Him humanwise, as we all do; but if he does not actually believe Him to be material, he at least will be slow in mastering the thought of His spirituality.

Another assumption underlying the animistic hypothesis, and also borrowed from Christian teaching, is that the savage regards the soul or ghost as the liberated and consummated

¹ P. 218.

² P. 182.

man, and that therefore he will place God rather in the category of disembodied than of embodied men. Yet not only the Greek and the Roman, but even the Jew, looked on the shade of the departed as a mere fraction of humanity, as a miserable residue of man, helpless and hopeless, and withal disposed to be mischievous and exacting, and therefore needing to be humoured in various ways. Nay, even Christianity with its dogma of the bodily resurrection, denies that Platonic doctrine which views the body as the prison rather than as the complement and consort of the soul; although it holds the soul to be of an altogether higher because spiritual order. But to the primitive savage, who everywhere regards death as non-natural, as accidental and violent, the surviving spirit, however uncertain-tempered and incalculable in its movements, however much to be feared and propitiated, does not command reverence as a being of a superior order. At best it is: "Alas! poor ghost!" Better a live dog than a dead lion; better the meanest slave that draws breath, than the monarch of Orcus. Surely it is not in the region of shadows that the savage will look for the great "all-father;" but in the world of solid, tangible realities.

Again, it is assumed that progress in one point is progress in all; that because we surpass all other races and generations in physical science and useful arts, we surpass them in every other way; and that they must be as far behind us in ethical and religious conceptions as they are in inventions and the production of comforts. To find our own theism and morality among savages is therefore impossible; for as the crooked stick is unto the steam-plough, so is the god of the savage unto the God of Great Britain. Yet when we consider how closely religious and ethical principles are intertwined, and how glaringly untrue it is to say that industrial civilization makes for morality, for purity or self-denial, or justice, or truth, or honour: how manifestly it is accompanied with a deterioration of the higher perceptions and tastes, we must surely pause before taking it for granted that the course of true religion has been running smoothly parallel to that of commerce.

In a thoughtful essay, entitled, *The Disenchantment of France*, Mr. F. W. Myers points out the goal towards which "progress" is leading us, through the destruction of those four "illusions" which formerly gave life all its value and dignity, belief in religion; devotion to the State—whether to the prince or to the

people ; belief in the eternity and spirituality of human love ; belief in man's freedom and imperishable personal unity. "I cannot avoid the conclusion," he says, "that we are bound to be prepared for the worst. Yet by the worst I do not mean any catastrophe of despair, any cosmic suicide, any world-wide unchaining of the brute that lies pent in man. I mean merely the peaceful, progressive, orderly triumph of *l'homme sensuel moyen* ; the gradual adaptation of hopes and occupations to a purely terrestrial standard ; the calculated pleasures of the cynic who is resolved to be a dupe no more." In other words, if we accept this very temperate and reluctant conclusion, we must confess that the one-sided progress with whose all-sufficiency we are so thoroughly satisfied is making straight for the extermination, not only of religion, but of morality in any received sense of the term.

But when Mr. Lang, who has no hypothesis of his own as to the origin of belief in God, brings the animistic theory to an *à posteriori* test, he finds it encumbered with still greater difficulties ; for nothing is as *à priori* it ought to be.

While Mr. Tylor asserts "that no savage tribe of monotheists has ever been known," but that all ascribe the attributes of deity to other beings than the Almighty Creator, it appears in fact that many of the rudest savages "are as monotheistic as some Christians. They have a Supreme Being, and the 'distinctive attributes of deity' are not by them assigned to other beings further than as Christianity assigns them to angels, saints, the devil," &c. Catholics at least will readily understand how hastily and unjustly the charge of polytheism is made by the protestantized mind against any religion which believes in a Heavenly Court as well as in a Heavenly Monarch. "Of the existence of a belief in a Supreme Being" amongst the lowest savages, "there is as good evidence as we possess for any fact in the ethnographic region. It is certain that savages, when first approached by curious travellers and missionaries, have again and again recognized our God in theirs."

If, therefore, belief in God grew out of belief in ghosts, it must have been in some stage of culture lower than any of which we have experience so far ; and at some period which belongs to the region of hypothesis and conjecture. There are no known tribes where ghosts are worshipped and God is not known, or where the supposed process of development can be watched in action. Nor is it only that links are missing,

but one of the very terms to be connected, namely, a godless race, is conjectural. Still more unfortunate is it for the animists that evidence points to the fact that advance in civilization often means the decay of monotheism, and that the ruder races are the purer in their religious and ethical conceptions. Once more, all facts are against the theory that tribes transfer their earthly polity to the heavenly city; for monotheism is found where monarchy is unknown. "God cannot be a reflection from human kings where there are no kings; nor a president elected out of a polytheistic society of gods, where there is as yet no polytheism; nor an ideal first ancestor where men do not worship their ancestors."¹

To the substantiating of these facts Mr. Lang then applies himself, and shows us how among the Australians, Red Indians, Fijians, Andamanese, Dinkas, Yao, Zulus, and all known savages there lives the conception of a Supreme Being (not necessarily spirit) who is variously styled Father, Master, Our Father, The Ancient One in sky-land, The Great Father. He shows us, moreover, that this deity is the god of conscience, a power making for goodness, a guardian and enforcer of the interests of justice and truth and purity; good to the good, and froward with the froward.

But surely, it will be said, all this is too paradoxical, too violently in conflict with what is notorious concerning the religion and morality of savages?

The reason of this seeming contradiction is, however, not altogether difficult. It is to be found partly in the fact that religion, like morality, being counter to those laws which govern the physical world and the animal man,—to the law of egoism and competition and struggle for existence, to the law that might is right,—it tends from the very nature of the case to decay and disintegration. The movement of secular progress is in some sense a downhill movement. No doubt it evokes much seeming virtue, such as is necessary to secure the end; but the motive force is one with regard to which man is passive rather than active, a slave rather than a master, as a miser is in respect to that passion which stimulates him to struggle for gain. Religion and morality is uphill work, needing continual strain and attention if the motive force is to be maintained at all. Huxley, in one of his later utterances, allowed this with regard to morality; and it is not less but more true

¹ P. 186.

with regard to faith in the value of unseen realities. Even if belief in a moral God be as natural to man as are the promptings of conscience, it ought not to surprise us that it should be as universally stifled, neglected, seemingly denied as conscience is. It is not usually in old age and after years of conflict with the world that conscience is most sensitive and faithful to light, but rather in early childhood. And similarly the sense of God and of His will is apparently more strong and lively in the childhood of races than after it has been stifled by the struggle for wealth and pre-eminence—

When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love :
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.¹

Degradation may almost be considered a law of religion and morality which needs some kind of violent counteraction, some continual intervention and providence if it is to be kept in check. After all this is only a dressing up of the old platitude that a holy life means continual warfare and straining of the spirit against the flesh, of the moral order against the physical order, of altruism or the true egoism against selfishness or the false egoism. Of course an ideal civilization would help and not hinder religion; but the chances against civilization being ideal are so large as to make it historically true that advance in civilization does not mean advance in religion and morality, and often means decay.

Far from animism being the root of theism, more often it is rather the ivy that grows up about it, hides it and chokes it. Just because the demands of religion and morality are so burdensome to men they will ever seek short cuts to salvation; and the intercession of presumably corruptible courtiers will be secured to win the favour or avert the displeasure of the rigorously incorruptible and inexorable King, who is no respecter of persons. Except among Jews and Christians, the Supreme Being is nowhere worshipped with sacrifice—that service of food-offering being reserved for subordinate deities susceptible to gentle bribery. The great God of conscience is naturally the least popular object of cultus; though were the animists right He should be the most popular, seeing He would be the latest development demanded and created by the

¹ *The Retreat.* By Henry Vaughan.

popular mind. But contrariwise, He tends to recede more and more to the background behind the ever-multiplying crowd of patron spirits, guardians, family-gods; till as in Greece and Rome He is almost entirely obscured, "an unknown God ignorantly worshipped"—the End, as usual, being forgotten and buried in the means. All this process of degradation will be hastened by the corruption of priests whose avarice or ambition, as Mr. Lang says, will tempt them to exploit the lucrative elements in religion at the expense of the ethical; to whittle away the decrees of God and conscience to suit the wealthy and easy-going; to substitute purchasable sacrifice for obedience and the fat of rams for charity. We need only look to the history of Israel and of the Christian Church to see all these tendencies continually at work, and only held in check by innumerable interventions of Divine Providence, and of that Spirit which is always striving with man.

Scant, however, as may be the amount of direct worship accorded to the Supreme God compared with that received by subordinate spiritual powers, yet it is *sui generis*, and of an infinitely higher order. The familiar distinction of *latrīa* and *dulīa* seems to obtain everywhere, as also that between *Elohim* and *Javeh*, that is, between supernal beings in general, and the Supreme Being who is also supernal. Yet so excessive in quantity is the secondary cultus compared with the primary that an outsider may well be pardoned for thinking that there is nothing beyond what meets the eye on every side. As has been said, the Supreme Being alone is usually considered above the weakness of caring for sacrifice, or for external worship in temples made with hands. His name is commonly tabooed, only to be whispered in those mysteries of initiation which are met with so universally. Outside these mysteries He may only be spoken of in parables and myths, grotesque, irreverent, designed to conceal rather than to reveal. But rarely is there an image or an altar to this unknown God.

It is easy for those who recognize no other religion among savages behind the popular observances and cults which are so much to the front, to believe that early religion is non-ethical. For indeed for the most part all this secondary cultus is directed to the mitigation of the moral code and the substitution of exterior for interior sacrifice. It is the result of an endeavour to compound with conscience; and to hide away sins from the

all-seeing eye. Again it is chiefly in the secrecy of the mysteries that the higher ethical doctrine is propounded—a doctrine usually covering all the substantials of the decalogue; and in some cases approaching the Christian summary of the same under the one heading of love and unselfishness. As for the corrupt lives of savages, if it proves their religion to be non-ethical, what should we have to think of Christianity? We cry out in horror against cannibalism as the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness, but except so far as it involves murder, it is hard to find in it more than a violation of our own convention, while a mystical mind might find more to say for it than for cremation. Certainly it is not so bad as slander and backbiting. Human sacrifice offered to the Lord of life and death at His own behest is something that did not seem wicked and inconceivable to Abraham. Head-hunting is not a pretty game; nor is scalping and mutilation the most generous treatment of a fallen foe; yet war has seen worse things done by those who professed an ethical religion.

But chief among the causes why savage religion has been so misrepresented is the almost universal co-existence of a popularized form of religion addressed to the imagination with that which speaks to the understanding alone. As has already been said, man's imagination is at war with his intelligence when supersensual realities, such as God and the soul, are in question. Without figures we cannot think; yet the timeless and spaceless world can ill be figured after the likeness of things limited by time and space. This mental law is the secret of the invariable association of mythology with religion. Setting aside the problem as to how the truths of natural religion (*sc.* that there is a God the rewarder of them that seek Him) are first brought home to man, it is certain that if he does not receive them embedded in history or parable, in spoken or enacted symbolism, he will soon fix and record them in some such language for himself. Christ recognized the necessity of speaking to the multitude in parables, not attempting to precise or define the indefinable; but contenting Himself with: "The Kingdom of Heaven is *like*," &c. "I am content," say Sir Thomas Browne, "to understand a mystery without a rigid definition, in an easie and Platonick description," and it is only through such easie and Platonick descriptions that spiritual truth can slowly be filtered into the popular mind. Still when we consider how prone all metaphors are to be pressed

inexactly, either too far, or else not far enough, how abundant a source they are of misapprehension owing to the curiosity that will not be content to have the gold in the ore but must needs vainly strive to refine it out, we can well understand how mythology tends to corrupt and debase religion if it be not continually watched and weeded ; and how, being from the nature of the case ever to the front, ever on men's lips and mingling with their lives, it should seem to the outsider to be not the imperfect garment of religion, but a substitute for it. Yet in some sense these mythologies are a safeguard of reverence in that they provide a theme for humour and profanity and rough handling, which is thus expended, not on the sacred realities themselves, but on their shadows and images. Among certain savages God's personal name is too holy to be breathed but in mysteries ; yet His mythological substitute is represented to be as grotesque, freakish, and immoral as the Zeus of the populace. We can hardly enter into such a frame of mind, though possibly the irreverences and buffooneries of some of the miracle-plays of the middle ages are similarly to be explained as the rebound from the strain incident to a continual sense of the nearness of the supernatural ; and perhaps the *Messer Domeniddio* of the Florentines stood rather for a mental effigy that might be played with, than for the reasoned conception of the dread Deity. If we possessed a minutely elaborated history of the Good Shepherd and His adventures, or of the Prodigal's father, or of the Good Samaritan, interspersed with all manner of ludicrous and profane incidents, and losing sight of the original purport of the figure, we should have something like a mythology. Were it not stereotyped as part of an inspired record, the mere romancing tendency of the imagination would easily have added continually to the original parable wholly forgetful of its spiritual significance.

It is part of the very economy of the Incarnation to meet this weakness, to provide for this want of the human mind ; to satisfy the imagination as well as the intelligence. Here Divine truth has received a Divine embodiment, has been set forth in the language of deeds, in a real and not in a fictitious history. Sacrifice and sacrament and every kind of natural religious symbolism has been appropriated and consecrated to the service of truth and to the fullest utterance of God that such weak accents will stretch to. Here the channel of communication between Heaven and earth is not of man's creation but God's ;

or at least is of God's composition. This is the great difference between the ethnic religions and a religion that professes to be revealed—that is, spoken by God and put into language by Him. The latter is, so to say, cased in an incorruptible body, its very expression being chosen and sealed for ever with Divine approval, and rescued from the fluent and unstable condition of religions whose clothes are the works of men's hands. Here it is that Catholic Christianity stands out as altogether catholic and human, adapted as it is to the world-wide cravings of the religious instinct ; satisfying the imagination and the emotions no less than the intellect and the will ; and yet saving us from the perils of the myth-making tendency of our mind.

The same thought is pressed upon us when we view the collected evidence as to the universal demand for a mediatorial system—for intercessors, and patrons, for a heavenly court surrounding the Heavenly Monarch ; a demand often created by and tending to a degradation of purer religion, yet most surely embodying and expressing a spiritual instinct which is only fully explained and satisfied by the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints and souls in one great society, labouring for a conjoint salvation and beatitude. We Catholics know well enough that the degraded and superstitious will pervert saint-worship as they pervert other good things to their own hurt and to God's dishonour, but we also know that of itself the doctrine of the Heavenly Court is altogether in the interests of the very highest and purest religion. In all this matter, needless to say, Mr. Lang, whose bias is Protestant, is not with us ; but the affinities of Catholicism with universal religion which he marks to our prejudice, are really in some sort proof of our contention that the Church is the divinely conceived fulfilment of all man's natural religious instincts, providing harmless and healthy outlets for humours otherwise dangerous and morbid ; never forgetful of man's double nature and its claims, neither wearying him with an impossible intellectualism—a religion of pure philosophy—nor suffering him to be the prey of mere imagination and sentiment, but tempering the divine and human, the thought and the word, so as to bring all his faculties under the yoke of Christ.

Mr. Lang's concern is with the universality of belief in God the Rewarder, not with its origin nor even its value ; though he seems at times to imply that the solution may be found in a primitive revelation of some sort. For ourselves, accordant

as such a notion would be with popular Christian tradition, we do not think that the adduced evidence needs that hypothesis; but is explained sufficiently by "the hypothesis of St. Paul," which, as Mr. Lang admits, "seem not the most unsatisfactory." The mere verbal tradition of a primitive "deposit" not committed to any authorized guardians would, to say the least, be a hazardous and conjectural way of accounting for the facts; nor is there any evidence offered to show that such religious beliefs are held, as the Catholic religion is, on the authority of antiquity, interpreted by a living voice. The substance of this elementary religion—the existence of God the Rewarder of them that seek Him—is naturally suggested to the simple-minded by the data of unspoilt conscience confirmed and supplemented by the spectacle of Nature. That the truth would be borne in on a solitary and isolated soul we need not maintain; for in solitude and isolation man is not man, and neither reason nor language can develop aright. Further we may allow that as Nature or God provides for society, and therefore for individuals, by an unequal distribution of gifts and talents, giving some to be politicians, others poets, others philosophers, others inventors, so He gives to some what might be called natural religious genius or talent and spiritual insight, for the benefit of the community. Thus whatever be true of the individual savage we cannot well suppose that any tribe or people taken collectively should fail to draw the fundamental truths of religion from the data of conscience and nature. In this sense no doubt they would become traditional—the common property of all—so that the innate facility of each individual mind in regard to them would be stimulated and supplemented by suggestion from without.

How far God can be said actually to speak to the soul through conscience or through Nature so as to make faith, in the strict sense of reliance on the word of another, possible, is for theologians to discuss. If besides expressing these truths in creation or in conscience, He also expresses in some way His intention to reveal them to the particular soul, we have all that is requisite. In what way, or innumerable ways He makes His voice heard in every human heart day by day, and causes general truths to be brought near and recognized and received as a particular message, each can answer best for himself.

But undoubtedly the results of comparative religion are so

far almost entirely favourable to the doctrine of God's all-saving will ; and in many other points confirmatory of received beliefs. Even where, for example, in the question of the origin and meaning of sacrifice, they seem to necessitate a modification of the somewhat elaborate *a priori* definition popular in some modern schools (though not in them all), yet that modification is altogether favourable to the sounder conception of the Eucharistic Sacrifice as a food-offering complementary to but distinct from the Sacrifice of the Cross. Above all it is in bringing out the unity of type between natural ethnic religions and that revealed Catholic religion which is their correction and fulfilment, that the studies of Mr. Lang and Mr. Jevons are of such service. The militant Protestant delights to dwell on the analogies between Romanism and Paganism ; we too may dwell on them with delight, as evidence of that substantial unity of the human mind which underlies all surface diversities of mode and language, and binds together as children of one family all who believe in God the Rewarder of them that seek Him, who is no respecter of persons. What man in his darkness and sinfulness has feebly been trying to utter in every nation from the beginning, that God has formulated and written down for him in the great Catholic religion of the Word made Flesh—

Which he may read that binds the sheaf
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

True, even could it be established beyond all doubt that belief in the one God were universal among rude and uncultivated races, this would not add any new proof to the truth of religion unless it could be shown that it was really an instinctive, inwritten judgment, and not one of those many natural fallacies into which all men fall until they are educated out of them. Still for those who do not need conviction on this point, it is no slight consolation to be assured that simplicity and savagery do not shut men out from the truths best worth knowing ; that even where the earthen vessel is most corrupted, the heavenly treasure is not altogether lost ; that it is only those who deliberately go in search of obscurities who need stumble. It was not the crowds of pagandom that St. Paul censured, but the philosophers. God made man's feet for the earth, and not for the tight-rope. Whatever be the truth about Idealism, man is by nature a

Realist ; and similarly he is by nature a theist, until he has studiously learnt to balance himself in the non-natural pose.

Will a man be excused for deliberately dashing his foot against a stone because forsooth he has persuaded himself with Zeno, that there is no such thing as motion ; or with Berkeley, that the externality of the world is a delusion ? or will he be pardoned in his unbelief because he could not justify by philosophy the truth which conscience and nature are ever dinging into his ears : that there is a God the rewarder of them that seek Him ?

G. TYRRELL.

Jesuits and Benedictines at Valladolid, 1599—1604.

[A word is required to explain why the following article has been offered and accepted for THE MONTH. We in this generation are not responsible for the unfortunate dissensions which broke out at the beginning of the seventeenth century, between the English Benedictines and Jesuits. Still we come across them in the documents, and it is impossible to avoid discussing them, if we are to write our English Catholic history faithfully. That it may be made clear, however, to all our friends that, whether we be Benedictines or Jesuits, we engage in such investigations only to ascertain the truth and vindicate as far as we truthfully may the conduct of our spiritual ancestors on either side, and that we are in no sense actuated by any spirit of animosity, it has suggested itself as a good plan that a Benedictine writer should handle a portion of the subject in a Jesuit publication. The article which follows gives the view of one who has already written on this passage of history, treating it in that conciliatory spirit which is so desirable. Another article may possibly follow, giving the view of a writer of the Society.—EDITOR.]

THE disputes that arose at the English College at Valladolid over the vocation of some of the students to the Benedictine Order have already been treated of in this Review.¹

In a recent work I found myself obliged to discuss the matter in connection with the life of one of the pioneers of the movement towards the Benedictine Order,² and I may perhaps be permitted to quote some remarks I then made concerning it.

We have given the story as Dom Leander tells it, but we cannot conceal our impression that there must have been a good deal to say on the other side. It was manifestly against all discipline, and very injurious to the Seminary, to permit young men (some of whom were possibly moved by a mere passing attraction, or by dissatisfaction with their surroundings or Superiors) to run away without leave, on however good a pretext. The Jesuits were truly devoted to the cause of the English Mission, and they saw their good work threatened with ruin, and though it is no doubt true that Father Creswell was not always

¹ December, 1897.

² *A Benedictine Martyr in England, being the Life and Times of the Venerable John Roberts, O.S.B.* London: Sands and Co., 1897.

discreet or conciliatory, yet it does not appear that the Benedictine authorities acted with that suavity and discretion which might have been expected.¹

I also remarked that "it must be remembered that unfortunately we have not the Jesuits' own side of the story."² But now that side of the story has unexpectedly come to light, and it will be found, I think, to endorse very distinctly the remarks I have quoted, while it supplies just those facts that were wanted to make the conduct of the Jesuit Superiors of the Seminary intelligible.

The document which has thus come to our aid has been missing for many years, and has only been discovered within the last few months in a cupboard at Ushaw College. It is nothing less than the Annals of the English College at Valladolid, written by Father John Blackfan, S.J., one of the three first students of the Seminary.

This MS. was known to Canon Tierney, who quotes from it in his account of the foundation of the College, and I have myself used this quotation in my book.³ But the MS. itself has been missing since the death of the Rev. Thomas Shirburn, late President of Valladolid,⁴ who possessed it at the time that Canon Tierney consulted it. It appears that at his death it passed, with the rest of his library, to St. Cuthbert's College, where it has lain hidden and neglected ever since, and where it was discovered by a mere chance a few months ago. The President of Ushaw, the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, was good enough to give me immediate information of the discovery, and it is to his lordship's kindness that I owe the good fortune of being able to thus complete the story which I had tried to tell elsewhere.

The MS. consists of a thin 8vo of fifty-five pages bound in vellum, and contains a detailed history of the College from its foundation in 1589 to the year 1616, when Father Blackfan became Rector. A note on a blank page before the commencement of the text attributes the authorship to this Father, the assertion being based principally on a comparison between the parts of the MS. and passages avowedly written and signed by Father Blackfan in the *Liber Alumnorum*. As I have not been able to consult that book, which is still at Valladolid, I cannot

¹ *Ibid.* p. 136. ² *Ibid.* p. 90.

³ P. 48. See Tierney-Dodd, ii. pp. 176—178.

⁴ He lived at The Willows, Kirkham, Lancashire.

pronounce any opinion on this point, but I may say that from the internal evidence of the MS. I am convinced that Father Blackfan is indeed the author. There are numerous passages in which the writer reverts to the first person, and recounts his personal experiences, and among these passages are the adventures of the first three students. No one else, I venture to think, can have been the writer, though I do not intend to go at length into the evidence for this, which will be discussed more fittingly at another time.

Unfortunately the Annals are not strictly contemporary, that is to say, they were not written year by year, but some time after the events, indeed at least fifteen years after the period with which I am immediately concerned. The importance of this observation will appear later.

The date at which Father Blackfan wrote can be deduced more or less exactly from internal evidence. On folio 11, for instance, the MS. says of Father Richard Blount, "qui jam est Vice-Provincialis Angliæ," and this proves that this part of the MS. must have been written between the years 1619 and 1623,¹ for Father Blount was made Vice-Provincial in the former year and Provincial in the latter. Father Blackfan, therefore, must have set to work two or three years after he was appointed Rector. Very likely he had earlier materials as well as his recollections to work from.

One more word in the way of preface. I wish to make it quite clear in what spirit I write. I am dealing with a matter which was certainly at one time "a burning question," and as to which great feeling was excited both among Jesuits and Benedictines. But this feeling has long passed away for good and all. For centuries since, the sons of St. Benedict and St. Ignatius have worked side by side in England, bearing together the burden and heat of the day, with mutual charity and edification. God forbid that one should attempt to stir up long-forgotten strife, or cause again to rankle the old wounds which have so long been healed! What we should aim at is surely rather to increase and perpetuate the charity which now unites us. And the object of this paper would be seriously misunderstood if it were supposed that I wished wantonly to revive painful memories or begin a series of mutual recriminations. Unhappily, the

¹ That is to say, the work cannot have been begun before this: for Father Blackfan is here treating of the year 1590.

history of these disputes is written, and it cannot be unmade. But (it seems to me) their recital can be made the occasion of a yet deeper and truer charity which, while it acknowledges candidly the faults and frailties inseparable from human nature, nevertheless "is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

We must now proceed to the work itself. It is certainly a very precious contribution to our English Catholic history, especially in the new light it throws on many of the martyrs. To give but one instance, we have here a long and most interesting account of the martyrdom of the Venerable William Richardson, the last priest to suffer under Queen Elizabeth. Bishop Challoner knew nothing of this, and his account of the martyr is confined to a line or two, giving the mere fact of his execution at Tyburn, on February 17, 1603. But I propose in this paper to strictly confine myself to the fresh light which the Annals throw on the Benedictine movement at Valladolid, and on the martyrs who were concerned in it. Here, then, is Father Blackfan's account of the inception of the movement.

Anno 1599. In the year of our Lord 1599, eight of the students were ordained priests, and hastened off to England with great eagerness and zeal to give their lives for religion. Two of these fell into the hands of the heretics at La Rochelle in France, before they could reach the shores of England, where, after having professed their faith bravely and nobly before the magistrate and the wicked synagogue of the heretics, they were bound hand and foot and thrown on a ship to be carried over to England, where they were certain to meet their deaths. A third was taken immediately on his arrival at an English port, and not so long afterwards was condemned to death, but afterwards was reserved for a more lingering martyrdom in chains. Among these eight were Thomas Garnet and Mark Barkworth, the former of whom entered the Society, and the other the Benedictine Order in England, and both afterwards were perfected by martyrdom, as we shall relate at the proper time and place. But to some it seemed a sort of miracle that while the plague was raging in this city [Valladolid] and was carrying off victims in crowds to the tomb, yet the students of this College, who seemed to be more liable than others to the contagion on account of their youth and the confined space they had to live in, remained almost entirely exempt from the pestilence. One of them in fact was stricken down, and the rest of the students, not knowing what was the matter with him, paid him frequent charitable visits, yet nevertheless in a few days the wound healed up and he got well, and the rest remained unhurt, being reserved, as you would say, for greater occasions of laying down their lives.

I pause for a moment in the narrative to remark that the episode at La Rochelle admirably corroborates the account I had given of the Ven. Mark Barkworth's adventures in that port.¹ I recounted (on the strength of an anonymous paper in the Westminster archives) that he had nearly himself fallen a victim to the heretics there, and had in consequence taken the bold step of going to the French Court and laying his complaints before Henri IV. We now know that he had even more to complain of than the anonymous writer tells us; and Father Blackfan, while he supplements, also confirms very happily the authenticity of the facts given by this writer, which had thrown so much new light on the venerable martyr's life.

But I am tempted to make what may perhaps be a bold conjecture, and trace some connection between another story told about Dom Barkworth and Father Blackfan's account of the plague at Valladolid. I referred, without going into details,² to a very painful and almost incredible story set about by the Appellant priests in England, to the effect that the martyr had been the victim of gross personal outrage at the hands of the Jesuit Superiors of the College, on account of his Benedictine leanings.

The story relates that Barkworth, who was then a priest, was dragged out of bed, while sick with a fever, and ordered to leave the College "and shift for himself," without being given a sixpence for his travelling expenses. That when he protested, he was held down by force and severely beaten, "in presence of the Rector of the Jesuits' College and the Minister of the English College, Father Blackfan." That this disgraceful scene was at last put a stop to by one of the Spanish Jesuits, but not before Father Barkworth had been half-killed. That then, being frightened at what they had done, the Jesuits entreated the future martyr to keep silence on the matter and promised to dismiss him with honour, with large faculties and a good *viaticum*, and to show him all the favour and friendship they could.

¹ *A Benedictine Martyr*, p. 116.

² *Ibid.* p. 73. It is told by W. C. (Barneby?) and Watson in the *Decacordon*. I am bound to observe that Barneby was on intimate terms with Dom John Roberts, who was a student of the College at the time of the alleged incident. The story too is most circumstantial, and though no doubt greatly exaggerated, must, one would imagine, have some foundation. It is well to remember, however, that Dom Barkworth in after years was emphatic in proclaiming his admiration and friendship for the Society.

Hereunto he seeming to yield, they privily conveyed him back to the English Colledge, and brought him to a sequestered chamber where he lay until his recoverie. But some of the scholars that were then in the Colledge (as there were then not above nine or ten, the rest being sent away to another place for fear of the plague at that time in the city) seeing him come in all bruised began to suspect some ill-measure. So that notwithstanding their secret conveying him into a sequestered chamber, they found him out and resorted unto him: which one of the Jesuits perceiving spake unto them, saying, "Take heed, come not near him, for we verily think he hath the plague." But for all they could do, they could not hinder them but that they would and did see him.¹

This extraordinary story must have, it would seem, *some* foundation in fact. It is probable that the Superiors of the College, like most of the pedagogues of the time, did not spare the rod when there seemed occasion for it, and the fact that a student (who by the hypothesis would be Father Barkworth) was supposed to have had the plague, combined perhaps with exaggerated reports of a tussle between one of the young priests and a Jesuit Father (which we shall presently have to describe), may very likely have resulted in the disgraceful story put about by the Appellants and their friends. Party spirit was unhappily so strong, and passions so much inflamed at this time, that even worse stories were circulated and believed of religious men.

But, however this may be, it is evident that Father Barkworth was honourably despatched from the College, and that he was the chosen travelling companion of a future Jesuit (the nephew indeed of the famous Provincial), Father Thomas Garnet, just as in his martyrdom he was associated with the Jesuit Father Filcock. Nothing is said about any unpleasantness connected with him, but then it must be remembered that his subsequent glorious martyrdom would naturally tend to make Father Blackfan suppress any grievance he may formerly have had against him.

I now continue that Father's narrative.

At the beginning of the year there died of fever in the College Father John Gervase, a student and a priest, who was a man of rare virtue and an example to all. A few days before his death, he called to him the Father Minister [Blackfan himself] indicating that he had something to say to him which might tend to the common good.

¹ *A Reply to Father Parson's Libel*, pp. 69, et seq. By W. C. 1603.

When the Father had sat down by him, he began, "Your Reverence, for the love of God, watch over the students, for I see that some of them are excited by all kinds of ideas, and that they are praising up the Benedictine Order, because they see them riding on their mules through the streets with their servants before them, with so much pomp and authority.¹ And only last night, when the infirmarian through forgetfulness had left the light burning by me, there came in, in the middle of the night, a figure clad in the habit of St. Benedict, though whether it were a man or a demon clothed in human form I know not. This figure had his face covered by his hood, and after making a profound reverence before me, he suddenly disappeared, leaving me trembling with all my hair on end with fright. And now I am perplexed as to what it could have been, or what evil it portended to the whole College." The Minister took all this to be the dream of a delirious brain and soothed him, telling him to be at peace, for if God deigned to grant a vocation to any of the students he should take it as a favour, and "God forbid that this should be looked on as an unlucky omen to be averted by our efforts." The priest died peacefully two days later, leaving us great hopes that he had attained to the harbour of eternal peace. Well—a few days later, one of the students came to the Minister saying that he had a great desire to serve under the standard of St. Benedict. The Minister received him quietly and sent him on to the Confessor, in order that he might examine the matter thoroughly and see whether the vocation were from God or not. As he approved of it, the Minister, who was then doing the duty of the absent Rector, took him himself to the Royal Monastery of San Benito and handed him over to the Prior and the other Superiors with as much show of affection as possible [*qua potuit amoris significacione*].

Not so long after there came another with the same tale [*eandem cantilenam cantans*], and he was transferred to the Order in the same way as the former.

About two months later, when all the students were spending a holiday in the garden belonging to the College by the river-side, at night time when they had to return, it was found that four of their number were missing. These were anxiously sought for that night along the river bank and in all the neighbourhood, but they were not found. And so next morning the Father Vice-Rector, and the other Fathers, went out to the different monasteries to look for them, but all in vain, for not a trace of them could be found anywhere. Next day, however, it was discovered that they had gone off to a certain farm in the suburbs which belonged to the Benedictines, and that they were there awaiting the pleasure of the Abbot, who had invited them to take the habit in his monastery.

¹ *A Benedictine Martyr*, p. 107, note. The Benedictines were not allowed to walk in the streets of large cities. Their riding was not therefore a mark of ostentation, but of religious observance.

Now all this fits in exactly with the account I gave of Dom John Roberts' vocation,¹ which was taken in the main from accounts furnished by Dom Leander Jones and Lewis Owen. There are indeed certain significant omissions in the story, but what Father Blackfan does say, quite agrees with the account of the other side.

I pass over the story of the young priest's dream or vision of the devil posing in Benedictine garb, as I expect most readers will be inclined to agree with the Minister's first opinion on this point. If it should be urged further, I may remark that there were visions and dreams on the other side as well.

But the facts seem pretty clear. John Bradshaw (afterwards Dom Augustine of St. John) was the first to come forward, and he, as Father Blackfan says, was quietly allowed to follow his vocation. Then comes John Roberts, *candem cantilenam cantans*, and he too is suffered to go to San Benito. But we hear nothing of the obstacles subsequently placed in his way or of his return to the College. Here again, Father Blackfan would naturally be reticent as regards his conduct towards one who had so glorified the College by his martyrdom.

It may well be supposed that the conduct of the Superiors was really far less blameworthy than would appear from the crude recital of their opponents. Still, I think it is clear that something of the kind must have happened, and that the Prior of San Benito was made so uneasy that he sent back Roberts to the College. When he found out his mistake, he sent to him promising to receive him, and as many more as liked to come. And so in Owen's words, "Master Roberts receiving this message from the Abbot runnes away once again (with two or three other students) from the English Colledge unto the Abbot, where they were courteously entertained and within a few days received into the Order and habit of St. Bennet." These other three were John Hutton, Robert Knaresborough, and William Johnson.²

All this fits in admirably with what one knew before, though one is sorry not to have Father Blackfan's defence of his conduct towards the martyr. But it is in connection with the subsequent much more extensive exodus of 1603, that the Annals furnish us with the most new and interesting details.

¹ Pp. 6-79, and pp. 86-89.

² P. 89.

I cannot repeat the whole story here, but those interested in the subject will remember that after the Holy Office had published its decree of December 5th, 1602, permitting the Benedictines to return to the English Mission, there was a great movement towards the Spanish monasteries of the Order, both from England and from the College of Valladolid. This movement was strenuously opposed by Father Creswell, the Vice-Prefect of the English Mission, and the Jesuit Superiors of the College.

Here is Father Blackfan's history of the movement, and a melancholy one it is :

Anno 1603. What now follows as I witnessed with sorrow, so I now write it with sorrow. For I must place my finger on the ulcer which arose, and open wounds which nearly proved fatal to the whole College. But, nowhere in this mortal life is the course always even, but joyful events are intermingled with sad, and sad with joyful. From the foundation of the College to the present year, things had taken the happiest course, and with such a joyful increase, that the College had reached a size which made it seem far the most important of the Seminaries for our countrymen. For it numbered seventy-two students, besides the Fathers of the Society who joyfully assisted in the work on account of the good fruit it produced. And alms proportioned to their needs were not wanting, nor the favour of Princes who used to flock to see what was done here with great satisfaction.

The Benedictine Fathers, emulous of our glory, and desiring also to put their sickle into this harvest, and the more so, that they had had a martyr among those who had passed to them from this College, sent secretly persons to entice the students to them, placing copies of the Rule of St. Benedict in the hands of some, and moreover making splendid promises to allure the ambitious minds of the young men. These, seeing that they were so run after, began to be somewhat puffed up, and to neglect the discipline of the house, or rather to despise it altogether. They began to get lax in their zeal for study and prayer, and to hold private meetings among themselves, and when they were rebuked for any fault they would give themselves insolent airs, and answer the Superiors back. The Fathers of the Society were astonished at this new state of affairs, and those who were charged with the discipline in the College redoubled their vigilance and care, trying in some cases to win them over with gentle words and persuade them to come to a better mind, and correcting others by imposing small penances on them to teach them self-restraint, but all in vain, for they had themselves resolved on what they would do.

It happened then one day, when all was ripe for the tumult, that one of them who was a priest and was then bedellus of his class, whose office it was to ring the bell as the signal for going to lecture,

deliberately neglected his duty, and when he was rebuked, answered, "We don't want a lecture to-day." This reply was naturally disapproved of, and he was told to do penance in the refectory at supper-time. But this he refused to do, and so the next day the penance was made a little heavier. However, as he absolutely and proudly refused to submit to it, and was altogether refractory, a discussion took place as to what had better be done with him. It was unanimously agreed that he should be separated from the rest, and shut up in his own room, and there be brought by salutary meditations to recognize and acknowledge his fault, that he might make a more satisfactory repentance. A servant was sent to move his bed and other belongings into the place determined on, but when he found this out, he barricaded himself in his room and opposed the servant's entrance by vigorously brandishing a stick. The Minister ran up to try and overawe him by his authority, but had to retire vanquished; whereupon a certain Father of robust temper who had always loved a conflict and a triumph, at once rushed on the scene, and turning his back towards the adversary so that he might receive his blows on a safer place, threw himself on him and got him down upon his back upon the bed on which he had been standing.¹ While he struggled with him to wrest the stick from his hands, the student called out so as to be heard all over the house, "Help! students, help! they are offering violence to a priest!" At this cry all the birds of a feather flocked to the spot armed like soldiers with sticks which they had designedly taken from the brooms, running hither and thither with noise and tumult, just as if they had taken the town by storm and were flying on the spoil. They attacked the Rector and the other Fathers they met with terrible imprecations, and shouted that they were going off at once to the Nuncio.

Meanwhile, the Confessor of the College, who had been waiting some time in his room to see what would happen, finding that the tumult was increasing, went out, in the hope that they would at least show some regard for his presence, as he had never given the least cause of displeasure to any one; when behold! two youths whom he had always loved as his own sons and treated with the greatest indulgence, but who were now mad with passion, flew up to him, and tweaked his nose with their fingers, reviling him in a disgraceful way for having conspired with the other Fathers to tyrannically oppress them. In a word, they spared no one, they listened to no one, but smote the ears and hearts of all with their outcries. As they were preparing to burst forth violently from the College, the Rector had all the doors locked, and ordered the keys to be hidden, lest they should cause scandal among the people by rushing forth like wild furies, as they then were. But there were at the time present in the College

¹ This is the scene which, duly exaggerated and distorted, was, perhaps, the foundation of the story about Dom Mark Barkworth.

certain seculars, and this did us perhaps even greater harm, for they in terror concealed themselves in the less public gateways of the College when they saw the fury of this mob, and through them this misery of ours came to the public ears more quickly than was good for us. Towards sunset, however, when the rioters seemed a little more pacified, they were allowed to go by themselves wherever they chose, and a spy was sent after them to follow at a distance and take observations. They hurried off straight to the Royal Monastery of San Benito, and there gave an account of the affair to the Abbot, who sent them home again, with orders to behave quietly till provision could be made for them elsewhere. Meanwhile, the Abbot himself, with such a suite as beseemed the General of a Religion so illustrious in the Church, went straight to the Apostolic Nuncio. The Rector of this College, Father Peter Ruis, together with Father Creswell, went also to him at nightfall, but the influence of the General, and the favour he enjoyed with the Nuncio, had so prejudiced that Prelate's mind, that he wouldn't even deign to listen quietly to our Fathers. (He was Mgr. Gymnasius, and is now a Cardinal.)

Here, among other remarks which his natural sorrow suggested as to the preservation of the peace of his College, the Rector said that his Holiness had not acted discreetly for the peace of the English Church in permitting rebellious spirits of this sort to meddle in the affairs of the English Mission. "And so forsooth!" exclaimed his illustrious Lordship, "he would fain dictate to his Holiness what he ought to do in the government of the Church!" and at once he cries out, "Bring fetters here, that he may be chained and kept in strict custody till it be settled what shall be done with him!" And when the Rector, in consternation at this sentence, threw himself on his knees, and prayed humbly for pardon for his fault, if he had committed one, and Father Creswell joined in with many supplications, at last the Nuncio commanded, as though making a great concession, that he should be removed from this city as quickly as possible, and that another Rector should be appointed in his place, which was done not so long after.¹

Twelve of those who had been concerned in the riot were first admitted to the Benedictine Order, and after them there were received by threes and fours up to the number of twenty-five, who all passed from this College to the Order within five months. A terrible blow was thus inflicted on the College, first of all in the discipline, for if the Superior tried after this to constrain any one in its bonds, he at once betook himself to this refuge; and secondly, in temporal affairs, for

¹ This accounts for the mistake I fell into as to the Rector's name (p. 135). Padre Alonso Rodriguez de Soro was not the object of the Nuncio's wrath, but his successor. Mgr. Domenico Ginnasi was made Cardinal Priest on June 9, 1604. He was a man of talent and deep personal piety, and was the friend of two Saints, St. Joseph Calasancius and St. Camillus de Lellis. He attended the latter on his death-bed.

though before, we found ample provision for seventy-two students, and a large household beside, after this we scarcely managed to scrape together bread for the forty students who remained (six having been sent to our Lord's work, besides the twenty-five who had left), because the hearts of our benefactors were so alienated from us on hearing of all this. Indeed, God would seem to have withdrawn His blessing from us, and I have learned by sure experience from the very foundation of this College to the present day, that as often as rebellious students have thrown off the yoke of discipline and inclined to disorder, so often, besides the diseases and other troubles which we have suffered from at home, we have also found difficulties in providing for our temporal wants.

This is certainly not an edifying story, and at first sight nothing could seem more damaging to the Benedictine movement. The spirit of the students seems to have been deplorable, and no wonder the Jesuits prophesied badly of a movement begun under such auspices. Rebellion is hardly a good preparation for the religious life, and we can scarcely be surprised if we can trace the subsequent career of but few of these twenty-five students in the annals of the Benedictine Order.¹ It is also true that we have no grounds for supposing the account to be exaggerated. It reads like a true, as it is certainly a very vivid, description of a most painful episode. Dom Leander's account omits the rioting in the College, just as Father Blackfan's has omitted certain episodes mentioned by the Benedictine. But the account of the interview with the Nuncio is almost exactly identical in both writers. Another damaging fact to which Dom Leander does not allude, is Father Blackfan's statement that the Benedictine authorities did their best to entice away the students. Some support seems to be given to this allegation by the terms of the decree of Paul V. (through the Holy Office, December 10, 1608), which forbade the Benedictines, under grave penalties, to attempt to induce the students of the Seminaries to join their religion, while it equally forbade the Jesuits to prevent those who wished to go.

At the same time one feels bound to remark that the very fact of such a state of things being possible in a Seminary does

¹ The Valladolid registers only give the names of ten students who left for the Benedictines this year. Of these ten (as I remarked on page 134 of my book) only three are known to have persevered. It is only fair to remark, however, that several are said to have died during their novitiate. The other fifteen too may have yielded a larger proportion of professions. It is well to add that Father Blackfan makes a splendid panegyric of Dom Roberts, and says that he entered the Order "long before these disturbances."

not speak well for the wisdom of the Superiors, or for their powers of government. No doubt there were great difficulties, even extraordinary difficulties, at Valladolid. The presence of one or two spies of the English Government was sufficient to cause any amount of trouble, and from time to time we know that such spies were among the students. Then the fierce and discreditable factions among the missionaries in England could not possibly fail to react on the Seminaries, and both political and ecclesiastical dissensions were unhappily often brought prominently before the students by the unwise zeal of Superiors. The very fact that an English Rector was not appointed over the College till 1614, shows that much attention can hardly have been paid to the problems of good government, for in those days, when national prejudices were fiercer and more unreasonable even than they are at present, it was surely to court failure to place these high-spirited English lads under a Spanish Superior. Nor does the story make us very confident in the discretion of that Superior. The treatment of the rebellious young priest is not, I venture to think, that which would commend itself to most Superiors now-a-days, whether in Jesuit Colleges or elsewhere. It was probably, from the description, Father Creswell who had the tussle with him, and Father Creswell was, in spite of his many great qualities, not particularly noted for self-restraint and good-temper. Though one is very loath to take on trust the utterances of such a man as Watson, yet it must be allowed that there may be a spice of truth in what he says of Cardinal Allen's opinion of Creswell :

Cardinal Allen would say that Father Creswell the Jesuit, and once a turbulent Rector in the English Colledge at Rome, was a good man, and fit to be a subject, but the unfittest to be a Superior of any man that ever he had knowne. For (said he) his delight was, to bee afflicting the schollers, and it was all one to bee an orderly or disorderly man under him : because if they were externally unruly, he would punish them, and if externally they observed their rules, he would yet be ever displeased, and vexed them, saying, "That in their hearts they were ill-disposed, and that they conspired against him to observe the rules in outward shew only, to the intent he should not give them pennances."¹

The Nuncio's conduct too (unless we are to accuse him of the grossest partiality), seems to show that there was something to say for the students ; and we may note that Father Blackfan

¹ *A Dialogue between a Secular Priest and a Lay Gentleman*, printed at Rhemes, MDCI. by W. W. (William Watson), p. 81.

does not tell us that he had six of them up before him, and examined into their vocation, which he ended by heartily approving. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the Benedictine Abbot-General would have been willing to receive young men so ill-conditioned and disorderly, as these are made to appear in Father Blackfan's pages. After all, the Spanish Benedictines were men of austere virtue, and maintained a remarkably high state of religious observance; and some at least of these students persevered in their vocation, in spite of all the austerities of the rule and the difficulties peculiar to the circumstances.

I trust that the purport of these remarks will not be misunderstood. As I have already explained, they are certainly not suggested by any anti-Jesuit prejudice (if one had such feelings, the pages of *THE MONTH* would be hardly the place to air them in), but simply by a desire to ascertain the true facts of what is in many respects a very painful and discreditable story.

That there were faults on both sides, seems very evident, and it is difficult or impossible to estimate the blame that attaches to each; rather let us rejoice that such episodes are impossible now-a-days, and remember that if at one time and place the relations between members of these two great Religious Orders were unsatisfactory, this after all was a noteworthy exception to the rule. We, for our part, rejoice to think that it was on Benedictine ground that St. Ignatius and his first companions made their religious vows, and that the glory of restoring the Society of Jesus, after its unhappy suppression, belongs to a Benedictine Pope.

D. BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

Henryk Sienkiewicz.

FOR the nations of Western Europe the great Slav race is still, in a sense, enveloped in mystery. In faith, in history, in temperament, its people are far removed from ourselves. Their ideals differ widely from our own; their future contains the promise of boundless possibilities, which as a rival race we do not always contemplate with equanimity, and their life, as it stands revealed to us by their literature, impresses us mainly with a sense of its remoteness, almost of its unreality. It is this very mystery which gives to Slav literature a portion of its charm in the eyes of Western readers. Through its pages we learn to realize—partially no doubt and without due proportion—a race, romantic, emotional, idealistic, full of a passionate faith and patriotism, not wholly emancipated from Asiatic fatalism, and with an under-current of melancholy, which, brought into contact with Western civilization, frequently changes to blackest pessimism and unbelief. In Russian literature of the present century with which we have grown fairly familiar, this double aspect of the Slav temperament has been rendered unduly prominent. Russian novelists have been wont to neglect the essential and primary features of Russian nature in order to dwell on the suggestive spectacle of the Slav temperament brought into sudden contact with the intellectual life and the often effete civilization of Western Europe. Hence, in our impressions of Slav characteristics we have been frequently led to confound what is merely temporary and accidental with what is permanent and essential. To judge of the vast mass of the great Russian people from the pages of Tourgénieff or even of Tolstoi, is probably as futile as to draw conclusions concerning the French nation from a study of Balzac and Théophile Gautier.

Henryk Sienkiewicz possesses the merit of opening out before us a fresh aspect of Slav life. He, it is true, is not a Russian but a Pole, and within the wide circle of the Slav

nations, the Poles have many characteristics of their own. They alone form a Catholic community in the midst of Orthodox environment. They alone, the first of the Slav nations to emerge from barbarism and to embrace Christianity, have fallen back in the midst of that great uprising and spreading of the Slav race which constitutes one of the greatest historical facts of the nineteenth century. The possessors of many attractive qualities, the Poles have shown themselves singularly lacking in the gift of self-government. Unprotected by any natural boundaries, they have long ceased to represent a political or geographical entity. And yet the Polish nation still lives ; its language survives, and its voice is still heard in a living and vigorous literature. To-day its most distinguished representative is the novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz. He may be accepted in a sense as the type of the modern intellectual Pole. By birth and by education a Catholic, an aristocrat, and a conservative, he has not wholly escaped the intellectual scepticism of our time. A great traveller, a student of social conditions under many and varied circumstances, his mental attitude is that of an onlooker rather than of an actor in life. He has no philosophy to propound, no convictions to preach ; with his own mind in a state of suspense, he works as a painter rather than as a teacher and writer. In spite of his remarkable abilities, amounting almost to genius, and his undoubted industry, there is not a little of the *dilettante* in his attitude towards life, but the attitude is perhaps rather an intellectual pose than the outcome of the limitations of his nature. To a keen sense of the beautiful, and a luxuriant and romantic imagination, he adds a true and sympathetic appreciation of peasant life. Yet he is in no sense a democrat. His sympathy is that of the artist who sees the beauty of simple laborious lives and the pathos of silent suffering. If, in his writings, he has glorified both the noble and the peasant, it is because his own nation appeals to him more vividly than anything else, and the Polish people consists mainly of an exclusive and inefficient aristocracy, and a vast inarticulate peasantry. To their faults and their failings, as well as to their attractive qualities and their never-failing charm, he has shown himself acutely sensitive.

It was by his short stories and his studies of peasant-life, that Sienkiewicz first made his reputation in Poland. Unfortunately, in their delicate charm and their exquisite felicity of language, they present special difficulties to the translator, and

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, in spite of all his enthusiasm for his author, cannot be said to have carried out his task in an adequate manner. In his passion for literalness, his version is frequently obscure, and his language rough and unpolished. Hence, without any acquaintance with the Polish language, it is impossible to express an opinion concerning these essentially national studies save in a purely tentative fashion. Polish critics have lavished what to English readers must seem almost extravagant praise upon their truth, their pathos, their marvellous insight into the life of the people. I must confess that the strange weird little tale, *Yanko the Musician*, over which all Poland sobbed and raptured when it was first published some twenty years ago, disappointed me not a little. I am perhaps hard-hearted enough to think that the pathos of childhood has been considerably overdone in modern literature. In this instance the pathos indeed is there, but the circumstances of the life of the little half-witted peasant child are so remote from our usual sphere of sympathy that they fail to touch us in any very convincing fashion. And the language has been robbed by translation of well-nigh all its beauty. Yet all who would learn to penetrate into the life of the Polish people, to fathom something of Slav nature in its primitive simplicity, will find much that is full of charm in the short sketches which in the English version have been gathered together in the volumes entitled *Yanko the Musician* and *Hania*.

In their tone here and there of gentle sarcasm and their quick sympathy with humble joys and sorrows, they have not a little in common with Alphonse Daudet's early *contes*, the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*. As we read such tales as *Bartek the Victor*, or *The Organist of Ponikla*, the Polish peasant seems to emerge before us from his obscurity and take on real flesh and blood. We know him as we never knew him before. But Sienkiewicz is capable of striking a far deeper note than Daudet's. In *Charcoal Studies*, perhaps the most famous of his shorter works, in the story of the downfall of Repa and his wife, there is all the tragedy of a great drama hidden away beneath sordid circumstance. Sienkiewicz is intensely sensitive to the passion of inarticulate grief, but with true artistic sense he restrains himself in these tales of peasant life within the limits of a simple unadorned narrative. Here is a word-picture of the woman returning home from a futile effort to save her husband. There is something haunting in the scene :

But Repa's wife? Peasants when they suffer, merely suffer, nothing more. This woman in the strong hand of misfortune was simply like a bird tormented by a vicious child. She went forward; the wind drove her; sweat flowed from her forehead; and that was the whole history. At times when the child, who was sick, opened his mouth and began to pant, as if ready to die, she called to him, "Yasek, oh, Yasek, my heart!" And she pressed her lips of a mother to the heated forehead of the little one. She passed the pre-Reformation church and went on into the field till she stopped on a sudden; a drunken peasant was coming toward her.

As a historical novelist it is not possible to classify Sienkiewicz in any school. By his luxuriant imagination, his buoyant optimism, and by the faith, the patriotism, and the love of chivalry that illuminate his pages, he belongs to the romantics. But he is a realist in the veracity of his descriptions, in the grim reality of his battle-scenes, in his relentless pictures of war and all its attendant horrors. With all his patriotism he is never blind to Polish faults. In his great historical trilogy,¹ the outcome of eight years' labour, he shows us Polish nature at its best—idealistic, passionately patriotic, instinct with Catholic faith, splendidly courageous, yet at the same time petty, unreliable, jealous, and somehow accomplishing little of permanent value. He deals with one of the most critical periods in Polish history—the latter half of the seventeenth century—when Poland was assailed in turn by Cossack and Tartar, by Turk and Swede, a period which, with all its splendid victories, paved the way towards the ultimate partition of the country. There is nothing conventional in Sienkiewicz's treatment of his theme. His heroes are real flesh and blood, men of wild courage and unrestrained passions, capable at once of heroic self-sacrifice and the most implacable vengeance. They do not effect miraculous escapes from every danger according to the approved methods of heroes of romance, rather they die the death of valiant soldiers on the battlefield. Their wives and their sweethearts, impulsive warm-hearted Polish women, share in their hardships and misfortunes, even to being sold as slaves into Turkish harems, the worst of all fates reserved for Christian women in those troubrous times. Sienkiewicz has created a veritable Round Table of famous knights, each with his special characteristics and his long roll of doughty deeds: the terrible Kmita and Pan Michael, the "little knight," the

¹ *With Fire and Sword*, 1 vol.; *The Deluge*, 2 vols.; *Pan Michael*, 1 vol.

Falstaffian Zagloba, and the pious Pan Longin, who dies like St. Sebastian. In Azya and in Bogun we have types of Cossack ferocity and cunning, and over all these loom the great historical figures, drawn in broad powerful lines, John Sobieski, the saviour of his country and of Europe, the Russian leader Hmelnitski, who worked such ruin for Poland, the saintly King Yan Kasimir, and the arch-traitor Prince Radziwill, who intrigued with Sweden against his country's independence. Nothing has been idealized, nothing glossed over: yet, on the other hand, there is not a coarse or suggestive word in all the four long volumes to which the trilogy runs. Only here and there has the author been betrayed into unnecessarily gruesome details in his descriptions of war and rapine.

Catholic readers will probably derive the greatest pleasure from *The Deluge*, the second of the series, and I would advise no one to be discouraged from reading it, either by its great length, or by the sometimes wearisome historical details with which the early chapters are burdened. We are none so rich in England in what I may term robust Catholic fiction, that we can afford to neglect this really engrossing story. The book opens with a charming picture of Olenka, the heroine, sitting among her spinning maidens in her ancestral home—a picture of peace—then all the rest of the book tells of war and adventure. Briefly put, it recounts the invasion of Poland by Charles Gustavus of Sweden, the treachery of some of the Polish nobles, notably of Prince Yanush Radziwill, and the final expulsion of the Swedes through a great uprising of the whole nation in defence of their land and their faith. Side by side with the redemption of Poland we have, worked out, the redemption of the hero, Pan Andrei Kmita. Kmita is a splendid soldier of the wild, slashing, freebooter type, an outlaw with many crimes on his head, whose hand is against every man at a time when his country is torn in two by war and internal dissensions. Poland lay prostrate beneath the Swedish heel, when, in an evil moment for themselves, the invaders decided to occupy the great shrine of Our Lady of Chenstohova, in the fortress church of Yasna Gora. At once Polish faith was aflame; devotion to the shrine effected what even patriotism had failed to accomplish; personal jealousies were laid aside, and the almost miraculous defence of the fortress church against overwhelming odds proved the turning-point in the war. The chapters telling of the siege, of Kmita's share in the defence, of

his repentance for his evil past—the complete repentance of the strong man—of the saintly soldier-prior Kordetski, and of the final triumph of faith and patriotism over the heretic invaders, are written with a splendid spirit and enthusiasm. For once the author has abandoned his half-critical, half-sceptical attitude towards life, and has allowed himself to be carried away by the romance of his subject. He writes in the fullest sympathy with the robust Catholic faith of his forefathers. Kmita in the end wins his Olenka, a charming type of Polish womanhood, and all ends happily. But our hero remains throughout a terrible man of war, fighting not for himself, but for his country. Sienkiewicz never falls into the snare of putting nineteenth century sentiments on to seventeenth century lips. There was no pity in those days either for heretics or traitors, and the author shows none. Even after his conversion, Kmita puts his enemy, Kuklinovski, to a slow and horrible death, and gloats over his sufferings, and rides away content with a prayer on his lips. He ruthlessly lets loose his Tartar hordes on unoffending German and Protestant villages to slay and plunder to their full, though for long months he had held them in check from touching a Catholic or a Pole. And he repeats his *Aves* in the midst of the slaughter, feeling that he is doing the Lord's work. It is difficult with our highly developed humanitarianism to put ourselves in this frame of mind. That the author should have done so is a testimony to his skill as a writer of romance, for I have not the smallest doubt that it is absolutely true to the times of which he is writing. Possibly, also, in spite of Tolstoi's propaganda of the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, the principles of universal toleration are not, even in our own day, so widely diffused in Eastern as in Western Europe.

A very instructive comparison, as regards methods of treatment, may be drawn in connection with *The Deluge*, between Sienkiewicz and two distinguished contemporary writers of fiction, Emil Zola and Gabriele d'Annunzio. In Sienkiewicz's description of a pilgrimage to Yasna Gora, the facts are absolutely identical with those treated of in Zola's *Lourdes*, and in a singularly repulsive chapter of the *Trionfo della Morte*, describing a pilgrimage to a shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Casalbordino. In each case we have the same crowds of the poor and the afflicted, the same religious faith and fervour concentrated upon a wonder-working shrine. But whereas the two Latin authors can see nothing but what is gross and

repulsive in the merely physical aspect of the phenomenon, the Slav writer sees the same facts in all their spiritual significance, transformed and illuminated by faith.

In *Without Dogma* we are transported into a very different world. It has been pronounced by the literary critics to be the author's greatest work, and to many the subject will appeal as one of engrossing interest. On me, I confess, the book, with all its brilliant cleverness, made a somewhat melancholy impression. It is the history of a modern sceptic without faith or morals, a man incapable of action, morbid, egotistic, pitiless to others, but with marvellously acute faculties. He is, in a word, a Slav version of d'Annunzio's decadent Italian heroes. Leon Ploszowski, who relates the story in the first person, has been accepted without much justification as a portrait of the novelist himself—certainly a malignant portrait, for Ploszowski is described as rendered sterile through scepticism, cursed with what he himself has termed *l'improductivité slave*, whereas Sienkiewicz has clearly done much admirable work.

I have understood Ploszowski as the portrait of a Catholic in his worst and most doubting moments, of one who, for his own purposes, has trifled with the intellectual scepticism of the day, until his own faith is at vanishing-point, but who is yet capable of appreciating to the full the benign and energizing influence of religion in others. Again, Leon is the modern equivalent of Petronius in *Quo Vadis*. Petronius was the most exquisite product of the dying pagan world, brought into contact with nascent Christianity; Ploszowski is the latest product of a recrudescence of paganism, ready to spring up wherever the Christian ideal has grown faint. The conflict between the flesh and the spirit, between paganism and faith, between the philosophy of beauty and the doctrines of Christ, is in all essentials the same, whether the battlefield be modern Europe or ancient Rome. And yet, happily, eighteen centuries of Christianity cannot be flung off by the mere wish; Christian ethics have penetrated too deeply into our consciences through many generations. We cannot, if we would, put ourselves wholly back into the spirit of ancient Hellas. At its best the attempt is but a pose, a graceful affectation, which does not really correspond to the inmost needs of our modern natures. At its worst it is a mere cloak for sensual materialism. Sienkiewicz has put this truth into words that seem to [me worth quoting, for they show that he himself has never been

wholly carried away by the specious arguments which he places on the lips of his hero.

It seems to me [he writes], that a Christian soul, though the spring of faith be dried up therein, cannot live altogether on the mere beauty of form. . . . We are beings of a different culture. Our souls are full of Gothic arches, pinnacles, twisted traceries, that we cannot shake off, and of which Greek minds knew nothing. Our minds shoot upward; theirs, full of repose and simplicity, rested nearer the earth. Those of us in whom the spirit of Hellas beats more powerfully, consider the beautiful a necessity of life, and search after it eagerly, but they instinctively demand that Aspasia should have the eyes of Dante's Beatrice. A similar longing is planted within me. When I think of it, that a beautiful human animal like Laura belongs to me and will belong as long as I wish it, a two-fold joy gets hold of me—the joy of the man and the delight of the artist; and yet there is a want and something missing. On the altar of my Greek temple there is a marble goddess; but my Gothic shrine is empty.

If the author has given to paganism the ascendancy in the case of Ploszowski, he has caused Christianity to triumph in the person of his cousin Aniela. Briefly the book is the history of the spiritual combat between the two. A marriage had been arranged between them by their respective families, and Aniela had already betrayed her readiness to be wooed, when impelled partly by circumstances, partly by his own indolent egotism, and by a temporary enslavement to a beautiful American in Rome, Ploszowski rejected the proposed marriage in an insulting manner. Aniela, for financial and family reasons, married a man quite unworthy of her, and immediately the dormant passion in Ploszowski awoke, and he hurried back to his ancestral home with the deliberate purpose of overcoming Aniela's scruples and winning her for himself. The cousinship, the temporary absence of the husband, and the fact that Aniela, as the guest of his aunt, was living under his own roof, gave him every advantage of circumstance. But the weapons on which he counted most in his cold-blooded and heartless scheme, were his own intellectual superiority, and an assumption of a wider moral understanding and enfranchisement from antiquated superstitions. The situation is one fairly familiar to the student of modern fiction; it is treated with extraordinary power and elaboration of detail, and with an almost painful familiarity with the baser workings of a man's perverted imagination. Nevertheless, I cannot myself feel that the

psychology is true in regard to the sorry hero. It is almost inconceivable that the earlier Leon, a sort of modern Hamlet with a clogging incapacity for action, could have developed, under the obsession of a debasing passion, into a man of ceaseless and vigorous activity. It is in his treatment of Aniela that Sienkiewicz has shown himself not only a great artist, but a student of the deepest forces that govern humanity. Judged superficially there was every reason to suppose that Płoszowski would triumph. Young, beautiful, and unhappy, Aniela had every worldly excuse for yielding to the man she had always loved. But the author belongs to a nation where women have always been as celebrated for their piety and their virtue as for their personal charm, and if he insists, at time unduly, on the force of the temptation, it is only to bring out more emphatically the strength of Aniela's powers of resistance. He is conscious all through—and the thoughtful reader is conscious with him—that, being the woman she is, Aniela can never yield. All Płoszowski's specious arguments, all his eloquence, all his intellectual superiority fall to the ground before Aniela's simple statement: "Everything may be proved in some way or other; but when we do wrong our conscience tells us, 'It is wrong, wrong; ' and nothing can convince it to the contrary." Conscience is invincible. The story ends with the entry, "Aniela died this morning." And Aniela's resistance is frankly founded by the author on her religious faith, on the invincible strength of purity which Christianity alone has developed in women. It is one of those essential truths which modern novelists, with all their boasted psychology, have lost sight of. It is, I venture to think, no exaggeration to say that not a single one of the popular French novelists of the present day could have written *Without Dogma* in the spirit in which Sienkiewicz has written it, or with the ending that he has given to it. The essential faith is lacking. It is due, I think, to the Polish novelist to emphasize the fact, because it has been customary in judging of his attitude towards life to identify his views with those of the hero of *Without Dogma* rather than with those of the heroine. And yet the assumption is in direct contradiction to the optimistic spirit of faith and patriotism which pervades his historical romances, and to the very groundwork on which he has built up his last great book, *Quo Vadis*.

The subject of *Quo Vadis* is one that appeals to readers of every nation. Stories of early Christian times have always

enjoyed an immense popularity, and hence it is not surprising that Sienkiewicz's powerful novel should have carried his reputation through Europe far more quickly than any of his previous romances. Written but a couple of years ago, it has already been translated into almost every European language. The planting of Christianity in Rome and the final absorption of the great Roman Empire within the Christian commonwealth, is probably the most stupendous fact in all history. The imagination of the Polish novelist has been seized by its vast significance, and he has given to the world a chapter on its history of undoubted power and intensity. Nevertheless, for my own part, I cannot put *Quo Vadis* on the same literary level as *Without Dogma* or some of the early Polish tales. It is in the main a study of mere exteriority ; it is a rich mosaic elaborately pieced together bit by bit. Written after much conscientious research, it lacks as a romance both grace and spontaneity. It contains little characterization, and very little of that sympathetic identification of the author with his subject which constitutes one of the main charms of his national romances. He has himself been overburdened at times with his own learning, and having laboriously acquired it he has not been able to deny himself the pleasure of inflicting it on his readers. It were unreasonable to expect that the author should fling himself into the life of the ancient Romans with all the verve and energy with which he treats of the Polish heroes, who were his own direct ancestors. Moreover, we are so impressed with the stateliness of the Roman character, that it is singularly difficult for us to realize them in their moments of ease and mirth. All this necessarily militates against the success of the book as a work of art. But with these limitations I am ready to admit that the story is exceedingly interesting. For all who love Rome of the present day, the resuscitation beneath the skilful hand of the novelist of the ancient city of which to-day we can only see a few glorious fragments, possesses a wonderful charm. One would give a great deal to see the busy Forum, the stately crowds passing to and from the Capitol, the undimmed glory of the temples, which rise before one's mental vision as one peruses Sienkiewicz's pages. He has chosen as the moment of his story the reign of Nero, with all its excesses and debauchery, and the arrival of St. Peter and St. Paul in the city. As in *Without Dogma*, he has sought his effects in strong contrasts placed side by side. On the one hand, tyranny and violence, lust and

luxury, the grimly grotesque figure of Nero looming over all ; on the other, meekness and long-suffering and the teachings of Christ. There is no glossing over the state of Roman society in the first century. Sienkiewicz grapples with it boldly, and without unduly emphasizing gross details, the facts are plainly stated with all the honesty which is one of his greatest merits. Without the early chapters, describing in luxuriant detail the magnificence of the Roman palaces and the wild orgies that took place in them, the reader could not have appreciated the full horror of the burning of the city and the subsequent persecution of the Christians. Without the pagan love of Petronius for Eunice, he would not have perceived so clearly the spiritual bond that united Vinicius to Lygia. Never, indeed, could sharper contrasts have occurred than in that first meeting of Rome and Peter.

Sienkiewicz is perhaps at his happiest in his description of Petronius, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his day, the most exquisite type of refined paganism, a worshipper of beauty, who yet wavers before Christianity and dimly perceives its mysterious beauty. Lygia is the conventional Christian maiden of fiction, whose fate it is to be saved from the lions, but the conversion of Vinicius is effected with much subtle appreciation of the honest pagan mind in its first encounter with Christianity. I cannot quite reconcile myself to the introduction of SS. Peter and Paul in person into the narrative. To weave any portion of Holy Scripture into a romance, even when undertaken with the most reverent intention, can hardly ever be accomplished without jarring on Catholic susceptibilities. St. Peter is a benign and stately figure, a fairly adequate presentment of the first Vicar of Christ, and his presence in the midst of his hunted flock undoubtedly lends a heightened interest to the scene. But St. Paul fares badly at the novelist's hands. Sienkiewicz has totally failed to convey any sense of the grandeur of the character of the Apostle to the Gentiles ; he has no part to play in the tale, and his introduction as a mere supernumerary savours inevitably of the irreverent.

These three series of books taken together—the historical romances, *Quo Vadis*, and *Without Dogma*—show the broad sweep of Sienkiewicz's talents. He has not only done admirable work, but he has done a great deal of it. I have not touched on the innumerable descriptions of nature scattered through his pages, and which are held by his countrymen to constitute one

of his highest claims to fame, because it is impossible to judge of them adequately in the only translations we possess. But all can appreciate his skill in human portraiture. He has created a veritable picture-gallery, not only of Polish knights and ladies, but of men and women in every rank of life, who stand out from the canvas in clear, crisp outline. He has made the silent, inarticulate Polish peasant human and comprehensible to readers living thousands of miles away. As a story-teller, pure and simple, he deserves very high rank. And the atmosphere of his books is, in the main, pure and wholesome. He has escaped all contact with the naturalist school of France—already, happily, a thing of the past—and in an age when an assumption of cosmopolitanism has come to be regarded as a proof of superior culture in writers of fiction, he has had the courage to remain frankly Polish in his sympathies and predilections. His weakness lies in the tinge of *dilettantism* that infects much of his work. His attitude towards life is tentative and uncertain; he has never frankly taken up a position either on one side or the other. A Catholic by training, by environment, and by all the deeper convictions of his nature, he has trifled with scepticism all through life, and has frequently made himself its mouthpiece. A man of great personal charm, it is said that he has not wholly escaped the demoralizing influence of much adulation from aristocratic society in Warsaw. If his books have gained by his attitude in elaborateness of analysis and in a sympathetic appreciation of life under very varying aspects, they have certainly lost in robustness and vigour. Yet, on the whole, it is the Catholic influence that predominates. Undoubtedly the strongest and truest emotion of which Sienkiewicz is capable is his patriotism, and patriotism, in Poland, cannot be divorced from faith. He has written of life in all ages and in many lands, but I venture to think that it is only on Polish soil and dealing with Polish nature that he can claim to be an artist of the first rank, and that it is not as the author of *Quo Vadis*, but rather as the interpreter of the genius and the aspirations of a now vanished people, that his name will be honoured in the future.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

The alleged Human Sacrifices in Italy.]

AMONG the many weapons which are now-a-days pressed into the service of the enemies of Christianity in general and of the Catholic Church, its embodiment, in particular, biology and folk-lore hold a prominent place. Those who employ such weapons have no sympathy with the Protestant attacks upon the faith, for they regard all creeds alike with contempt or lofty tolerance ; they regard such attacks as vulgar and un-educated (as they certainly are), and as wanting in the culture which no truly enlightened man can afford to despise. But if they can show from the works of creation the futility of the Creator—if they can demonstrate that Christianity and its most sacred rites are but survivals or adaptations of paganism—they have at once established their own enlightenment and the childishness and absurdity of the religious beliefs of others.

Time was when these privileged beings were content to keep their superior knowledge to themselves, or at most to share it with those of like enlightenment. There was even a feeling of regret, expressed by more than one writer in suitably pathetic terms, that the religious beliefs which had undoubtedly brought comfort to so many souls, were no longer tenable.

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views ;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days—

that was the attitude of fifty years ago, before young ladies had begun to “prattle of evolution in the drawing - room.” Comparative mythology had indeed even at that period been brought to bear against the superstitions of Rome, as may be seen from an inspection of continental guide-books of the same date ;¹ but Popery was at a low ebb then, and only those who went abroad—itself no easy undertaking half a century back—

¹ Murray's *Handbook to Spain*, published in 1845, is an almost incredible combination of ignorance and bigotry.

came into contact with it. The Darwinian gospel had not been preached, and its unauthorized but popular exponents were unborn or in their cradles.

Chief of these, it need hardly be said, are Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Edward Clodd. Their qualifications as popular science-leaders and destroyers of religious belief consist mainly in a fluent and attractive literary style, a considerable amount of information too general to be accurate, a lively imagination, a contempt for facts when these do not fit in with preconceived theories, and an unlimited belief in themselves and in each other. With such gifts it is not wonderful that they have attained a popular reputation as men of learning; that they have an established position on the press; that their books are in request; and that their statements are accepted without question by a large section of the public.

It is true that from time to time, and nowhere more thoroughly than in the pages of this review, the innumerable inaccuracies both of Mr. Allen and Mr. Clodd have been made abundantly manifest. Father Gerard has done excellent service in exposing the baselessness of the assumptions on which Mr. Allen grounds his ingenious evolutionary theories; and Mr. Clodd's physics and his folk-lore have been unsparingly dealt with. In an article, "Folk-Lore ex Cathedra," published in this Review for May, 1896, and since re-issued by the Catholic Truth Society as a penny pamphlet, the offensive attack upon Christianity which, with singular bad taste, Mr. Clodd allowed himself to make from the presidential chair of the Folk-Lore Society, was treated on its merits. "There is no conclusion so preposterous," the article concluded, "that it might not be demonstrated by the slip-shod unscientific methods of investigation followed by Mr. Edward Clodd and his imitators." It is to the recent exposure of one of Mr. Clodd's presidential utterances, and to his methods of investigation and defence, that I now wish to direct attention.

In his presidential address to the Folk-Lore Society in 1894, Mr. Clodd narrated the following startling story:

Mr. Grant Allen told me that, when he was last in Italy, he was informed by the Rev. W. Pulling (*sic*), well known as the author of *Dame Europa's School*, and editor of Murray's *Handbook to Italy*, that, "in a village in the Abruzzi the young men drew lots once a year to decide who should die for Christ. Whoever drew the fatal lot was secretly killed by another, equally drawn for the purpose, before the

next Good Friday. It was accounted a great honour to die for Christ. Although the facts are known to the Government, it is unable to catch the perpetrator, because none will betray him." Mr. Allen had forgotten the name of the village, but no doubt Mr. Pulling (*sic*) would supply it.¹

In this paragraph two or three points may be noticed. Mr. Clodd neither then nor since (as I shall show later) attempted to ascertain from the original narrator any further particulars of the story. It does not seem to have occurred to him that any further evidence than that "Mr. Grant Allen told me" that somebody had told him, was desirable before promulgating so remarkable a statement. So careless, indeed, is Mr. Clodd, that he twice misspells the "well-known author's" name, and misstates his initials, while he leaves to any one who may care to take the trouble, the ascertaining from Mr. Pullen "the name of the village."

The narration at once passed into the region of ascertained fact, or at any rate, of ascertained folk-lore, for a year later we find Miss Mabel Peacock writing :

Were a detailed description obtainable of the annual sacrifice of a man who dies for Christ—which still prevails in a village in the Abruzzi—it is probable the striking exemplifications of the persistence of rites connected with the veneration of human flesh and blood would be given to the world. Such a description seems unattainable however. The grimmer usages of heathen superstition owe their survival in pseudo-Christian form to the inviolate silence of the devotees, who reveal the mysteries of their faith to none but the initiated.²

This paragraph is duly indexed : "Italy : Dying for Christ in the Abruzzi." Here it will be observed that Miss Peacock, feeling that "a detailed description of the annual sacrifice" is unattainable, proceeds in the most approved manner to assume that we have here a "survival in pseudo-Christian form" of one of "the grimmer usages of heathen superstition."

Next year (1897) the story comes out again, in Mr. H. M. Bower's very interesting and exhaustive account of "The Elevation and Procession of the Ceri at Gubbio," published by the Folk-Lore Society.

The idea of a human recipient of the people's ills is no strange one. The Christian religion itself is a transfigured example; and its early spring solemnities of Easter commemorate—nay, in the opinion of some, represent or annually rehearse, the Death and Resurrection of a

¹ *Folk-Lore*, vi. 97 (1895).

² *Folk-Lore*, vii. 282 (1896).

Divine-Human bearer of troubles. It is believed that at the present time, in an Abruzzi village, a man is annually sacrificed in secret, and accounted to die for *Christ*—an appalling and perverse ceremony indeed if true.

The story, thus taken up, would soon have become a folk-lore commonplace in the mouths of those who delight to find survivals in Christianity of “the grimmer usages of heathen superstition,” had it not attracted the attention of Signor Antonio de Nino, the recognized authority on the folk-lore of the Abruzzi. Unlike Mr. Clodd, he seems to have thought it worth while to obtain the name of the place where the alleged sacrifice took place. So he communicated with Canon Pullen through a correspondent, and subsequently, in September last, wrote to *Folk-Lore* the result of his inquiry. Here it is :

Knowing every corner of the Abruzzi, I venture to affirm that Canon Pullen must have been grossly deceived. In every village and country place I have intimate friends who have never concealed from me any even of the strangest practices and the least consonant with civilization (*civiltà*). But the practice of voluntary human sacrifice in Holy Week in a village of the Abruzzi has astonished all who have heard it spoken of, and roused indignation or a smile of pity.

Having inquired of Canon Pullen the name of the village, he answered that it was Gioia del Colle. Now this commune is in the province of Bari. It is not a village at all ; it is a large market-town of about 20,000 inhabitants. How is it possible that two homicides can be repeated every year in Holy Week and remain unknown to a self-respecting government ? Is the population of Gioia del Colle a population of Calmucks ? Would a passing foreign traveller be likely to learn more about the matter than people of the place who occupy themselves with the same studies ? But the communications I have had from Gioia del Colle express the utmost astonishment, and entirely deny the alleged facts. I shall accordingly take further steps to contradict it in our own reviews ; but I should be glad if the contradiction were to emanate in the first place from the Folk-Lore Society, which has given credit in good faith to a silly tale.¹

Beyond publishing this letter, the Folk-Lore Society seems to have taken no steps in the matter ; nor did any official of the Society even communicate to Signor de Nino the fact that “the substance” of his communication had been printed.

In the *Nuova Antologia* for April last, Signor de Nino prints an article of six pages on the subject, which I briefly summarize.

¹ *Folk-Lore*, viii. 374.

Having referred to the statements of "Sir Edward Clood" and "il signor Mabel Peacock," Signor de Nino narrates the means which he took to arrive at the truth of the story :

I opened a correspondence with enlightened people. I wrote to Professor Chierico, Royal Inspector of Public Monuments, of the district where Gioia del Colle is situated—"Is it true that every Good Friday human sacrifices take place at Gioia del Colle?" His answer soon came: "The statement is incredible. Gioia del Colle is among the first and most civilized cities of the province. During the long period of my official position I have had a great many pupils from Gioia del Colle, and I have never heard of such enormities. You can certainly deny the story."

Fortified with this testimony, I thought myself justified in writing to Sir Edward Clood, begging him to withdraw his statement about human sacrifices in Italy, whether in an unknown village in the Abruzzi or in the city of Gioia del Colle. The illustrious man promised willingly to do so, and said he was forwarding my letter to Mr. Sidney Hartland, the Editor of *Folk-Lore*, that it might be published in the periodical. I do not know whether the denial was published, but I suppose not, since I have had no sign either from Hartland or from my English friends who are following up the matter in dispute.

Subsequent information confirms the falsity of the Rev. Pullen's story. Signor Luigi Netti, from Sant'Amato in Colle, denies explicitly the story of human sacrifices, and is astonished that serious journals can publish such fables, and says: "I can deny most absolutely this calumnious story, and assure you such things are impossible in an advanced city like Gioia del Colle."

Signor Pasquale Calderoni, a folk-lorist, replies: "Ever since my first coming to Bari I have collected popular stories and traditions, and I have never heard of the like, neither as a custom still practised nor as a record of a usage now out of date. It is absurd to speak of religious fanaticism in Bari, where the religious sentiment is less potent than in surrounding provinces. The mayor himself of Gioia del Colle confirms these denials, and says he cannot imagine how enlightened and educated people can assert such things, knowing that Gioia del Colle is situated in Italy, and not in the most inhospitable regions of Africa."

All these decisive and confirmatory denials would suffice, if the story were not repeated and diffused in publications of authority and by a man of great merit. More decisive proofs are necessary. Your witnesses, it will be said, may have concealed things from reasons of mysticism or patriotism. So be it. Then they who maintain the truth of this fable must prove that the murderers of a man every Good Friday for a series of years before and after the unification of Italy have gone unpunished because of the absolute failure of proofs.

Let us see. We note day and month of every Good Friday from 1850 to 1865. We compare the penal registers kept at Gioia del Colle. What is the result? That no one of the perpetrators of the holocausts was brought to justice, for the simple reason that in all those holy days, for the space of fifteen years, never a drop of blood was shed.

So much for the truth of the story. It will be of interest to see how Mr. Clodd complied with Signor de Nino's request to "withdraw his statement."

The *Daily Chronicle* published a paragraph briefly summarizing the contradiction, and coupling the names of Messrs. Allen and Clodd with the "grave and groundless charge." On this Mr. Clodd wrote a letter which, says the *Chronicle*, "places the matter in quite a different light." I confess I fail to see where the difference comes in; but it will be best to reprint the whole paragraph:

Mr. Edward Clodd and Mr. Alfred Nutt, folk-lorists both, send us letters respecting the charge made against the peasantry of the Abruzzi of practising human sacrifice in Holy Week, which place the matter in quite a different light. Mr. Clodd informs us that the statement was made to Mr. Grant Allen by Canon Pullen, the author of *Dame Europa's School*, and, on his authority, was accorded publicity in his (Mr. Clodd's) presidential address to the Folk-Lore Society in January, 1895. Signor Antonio de Nino thereupon challenged the Canon to name the village where the symbolical sacrifice was said to be offered. Gioia del Colle, in the province of Bari, was named, and Signor de Nino forthwith instituted inquiry, with the result that he was unable to trace the occurrence of the alleged custom.

Then follows a second paragraph, to which I beg to call special attention:

In a subsequent pamphlet Signor Nino traverses Canon Pullen's statement in detail. "It therefore," says Mr. Clodd, "rests with the Canon, who has not broken silence in public on the subject, to give the authority for a statement which, if verified, forms one of the most striking additional contributions in evidence of the persistence of barbaric customs in the heart of so-called civilization."¹

Ignoring the fact that it was himself who published to the world Mr. Allen's version of Canon Pullen's story, Mr. Clodd attempts to transfer to the latter the responsibility for the statement. It seems incredible that he should not have thought it his duty to write to Canon Pullen on the subject, if only to apologize to him for having made his name notorious in con-

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, May 10, 1898.

nection with a ridiculous after-dinner story. But that is not all. Mr. Clodd evidently clings to the belief that this thrice-refuted calumny upon the folk of Gioia del Colle may be true after all. "If verified," he says, "the story forms one of the most striking contributions in evidence of the persistence of barbaric customs in the heart of so-called civilization." This is apparently Mr. Clodd's notion of complying with Signor de Nino's request that he should "withdraw his statement about human sacrifices in the Abruzzi."

In concluding this illustration of the way in which folk-lore is manufactured and promulgated, I may say that I wrote to Canon Pullen for his account of the story. He at once courteously replied that it was told him about ten years ago, and that he "repeated the story after dinner one evening at an hotel much frequented by English people. Somebody who heard me printed the story. I suppose," he adds, "that one ought to be more careful about one's after-dinner communications, but it seems a little hard that such communications should be put into print before the man who made the statement has been asked whether he is prepared to stand by it as true and capable of proof."¹ Most people will, I think, agree with Canon Pullen. I have already said that at no time has the publisher of the fiction taken the trouble to communicate with the authority for it; in proof of this I may say that Canon Pullen adds: "I do not know Mr. Clodd, either by name or correspondence." The Canon tried to obtain for me the name of his original informant, but that gentleman not unnaturally "objects to having his name mentioned."

It thus appears that if Mr. A. tells Mr. B. a story, which Mr. B. repeats after dinner to a mixed company in which Mr. C. is present, and if Mr. C. repeats the story to Mr. D., the last-named gentleman is at liberty, without any further inquiry, to publish it to the world, as an undoubted and unquestioned fact, from the Presidential Chair of a quasi-learned Society! And this is the way in which folk-lore is manufactured!

JAMES BRITTEN.

¹ In a subsequent letter, Canon Pullen tells me that he told the story at Perugia, and that Mr. Grant Allen was among his hearers.

The Vestments of Low Mass.

II.

THE MANIPLE.

THE author whose account we have been following is inclined, on purely historical grounds, to assign a secular origin to all our vestments, and it is a striking confirmation of this theory that, with perhaps one exception, they are the counterparts of objects of primary utility, not to say necessity, in common use among civilized peoples. The exception itself, as we shall have occasion to point out later on, is of that order which proves the rule. But putting this for the moment aside, it will appear that the rest of the vestments of Low Mass can be very obviously accounted for. Apart from the artificial requirements of fashion, the dress of the bulk of mankind consists in essentials of two very simple elements, an inner and an outer garment. The inner will naturally be lighter and readily washed—plain white linen is obviously the most suitable material. The outer will not so constantly need washing, it may be of heavier and richer texture, coloured and embroidered. Where there is much walking to and fro, much kneeling and rising and movement of the arms, some kind of cincture to confine the long inner garment round the waist will be desirable, both for reasons of seemliness and comfort. Besides this, in hot climates where perspiration is abundant, two other adjuncts are requisite for cleanliness. The first is some kind of neck-cloth, again of washable material, to protect the richer upper garment from contact with the skin. This object will be most securely attained when the linen neck-cloth is inserted under the innermost and doubled back over the outermost vestment. Now-a-days, when this piece of linen, much diminished in size, is stiffened and starched, we call it a collar. Indeed, a diminutive counterpart of the old liturgical shoulder-cloth, forms an essential part of the costume of every lower-form Eton boy. The other adjunct

needful for comfort and decency, especially when there is much handling of precious or holy things, is a napkin of some sort, a *mappula* or handkerchief. Such a napkin would be specially necessary for those who received the offerings of the faithful, made originally in kind, but it might also be used to wipe the brow or dry the eyes, or to remove unseemly moisture from sacred vessels or books or vesture. Even apart from such definite needs, the *mappula* was probably almost as indispensable to the Roman of the better class under the later Empire as a handkerchief is to the gentleman of the present day. The conventional *mappula circensis* which we see depicted in the consul's right hand in the carved ivory diptychs, no doubt bears witness to the existence of some unofficial *sudarium*, which was part of the ordinary equipment of every Roman citizen.¹

In identifying the alb, the chasuble, the girdle, and the amice, with the first four garments thus described, we may notice that in no one of them has any substantial change taken place in its nature or usage since primitive times. We can trace them back with certainty to the eighth century, and we find that then as now the alb was an inner tunic with sleeves, reaching to the feet and made of linen or light material, the chasuble was an outer garment of silk or stuff admitting of more or less rich ornament, the girdle was a cincture securing the long-flowing alb, and the amice was a linen neckcloth. How much further their use extends back towards the origin of Christianity we have no adequate evidence to tell us. We can only form conjectures. When we turn, however, to the last-named of the five vestments spoken of, *i.e.*, the napkin, or *sudarium*, or *mappula*, a much more fundamental transformation has to be recorded. Designed originally to serve a very practical purpose, this napkin has now become as useless and unmeaning as the rear buttons of a tail coat, the buttons which we are taught to believe originally supported the sword-belt. Whereas the very *raison d'être* of the *mappula* in primitive times was its washability and utility, it has long since grown stiff with ornament and has assumed a shape and a position which preclude it from serving any purpose whatever but a purely symbolical one. The maniple is now a mere survival of an order of things long passed away, but it has been replaced, if

¹ De Rossi believed he could trace such *mappulae* in Catacomb pictures of the fourth century. (*Bullettino*, 1877, tav. xi.; Grisar in *Campo Santo Festschrift*, p. 105.)

we mistake not, in many of its functions by an article of church furniture whose origin is wrapped in singular obscurity, the *purificator* now spread over the chalice.

It would not be surprising if some of my readers were to manifest a little incredulity at this identification of the embroidered maniple with the linen napkin or handkerchief of an earlier age, and were to ask if this theory may not be merely an ingenious conjecture. The question is a most natural one, but the answer must be unhesitatingly in the negative. The development of the *sudarium* or *mappula* into the maniple which we see hanging upon the priest's left arm, can be followed in detail both in our literary records and in the rude pictorial representations of earlier ages, a selection of which may be found reproduced in Father Braun's volume. Moreover, the discovery is not in any way of modern date. Nearly two centuries ago the French liturgist, De Vert, gives an amusing account of the excitement caused among the *précieuses* of literary society in his day, when a fashion suddenly set in for liturgical studies, and the fine ladies of Paris were made proud with the knowledge that the maniple after all was nothing more than a *mouchoir*. Why no Frenchman or Frenchwoman can hear the word *mouchoir* pronounced in any serious context without its exciting a titter is a mystery to *nous autres*, but that is not now to the point, and the identification of the primitive *mappula* with the maniple of the liturgy remains an historical fact.

The maniple, both name and thing, can be traced back to the eighth century. Possibly one of the earliest instances of the appearance of the word in this sense is that contained in the Pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York, who died in 766. In this Pontifical not only is there mention of the maniple, but it is referred to in connection with the instruments delivered to the subdeacon in the rite of ordination: *Et tradat ei calicem, et patenam, et manipulum.* Unfortunately Egbert's Pontifical is open to some suspicion, as we only possess it in a copy of the tenth century, and there seems reasonable ground to suppose an interpolation in this place; still the occurrence of the name two hundred years earlier, though admittedly very rare at that epoch, is attested by a Spanish deed of gift of the year 781 to a monastery in the Asturias. The more usual terms employed to denote the same object were *mappula*, *sudarium*, *mantile* or *fanon*, and in the earliest portion of the *Liber Pontificalis* we

read of certain *pallia linostina*, which there seems good reason to regard as of identical import. According to this venerable chronicle, Pope Sylvester I. (314—326), and afterwards Pope Zozimus (417—418), ordained that the Roman deacons should carry these *pallia linostina* (linen cloths) over their left hands.¹ Of course the *Liber Pontificalis* cannot be accepted as evidence that any such decree actually emanated from the two Pontiffs at the date referred to, but it at least can be taken to establish the existence of these *pallia linostina*, and their being wrapped round the deacon's left hand as early as the fifth century, and probably considerably earlier.

It seems likely enough that, in the beginning, the *mappula* or *sudarium* was regarded as attaching more immediately to the priest's assistants than to the priest himself. Father Braun very well calls attention to the primitive conception of the deacon's functions in a High Mass, which is made clear to us by a passage of St. Isidore of Seville: "As the consecration of the Sacrament is the office of the priest, so the ministering (*dispensatio*) of it is the function of the deacon. . . . The priest may not so much as lift the chalice from the Lord's table unless it be placed in his hands by his assistant." It is possible that the necessity of a separate *mappula* for each of the sacred ministers was no more obvious to the clergy in the early ages of the Church, than it would seem requisite in our day that the priest, deacon, and subdeacon at a High Mass should each have a separate purificator. That separate *mappulae*, however, had been introduced in the ninth century, or at any rate that the priest had one of his own, as well as the deacon, appears clearly from a remark of Amalarius. Speaking of the Offertory of the Mass, he says: "Afterwards the deacon places the chalice upon the altar, leaving his *sudarium* upon the right hand corner of the altar; it will be very handy to wipe up any trace of dirt that may befall, while the priest's own *sudarium* is thus kept quite clean."²

I venture to direct particular attention to this little remark of Amalarius, for it seems to me to furnish a key for the solution

¹ The phrase used in the text does not perhaps quite accurately represent the words of the *Liber Pontificalis*, "ut palis linostinis lœva eorum tegeretur," which, in the light of some of the early mosaics which represent some sort of veil passing round the neck and covering the left hand, have also been interpreted of the stole.

² "Postea ponit calicem in altari diaconus et sudarium suum in dextro cornu altaris; est habile ad hoc ut quidquid accesserit sordidi illo tergatur, et sacerdotis mundissimum maneat." (Migne, *P.L.* cv. 1131.)

of a problem which is not otherwise easy of explanation. If the primitive *mappula* or *sudarium* was in constant practical use as a napkin or towel, like the purificator for instance at the present day, one is tempted to ask how it can possibly have become transformed into the stiff ornamental appendage of silk with which we are now familiar. Amalarius' advice to the deacon seems to solve the difficulty. If the deacon by using his own *mappula* was able to save the celebrant's from getting dirty, it will soon have occurred to the embroiderers of vestments that the celebrant's *mappula* which was thus not practically used to wipe away dirt or to absorb moisture, was susceptible of ornament. Once they had begun to ply their needles and to cover the linen napkin with gold and coloured silk, this new kind of embroidered *mappula* was sure to be admired and imitated. This may explain why even in the ninth and tenth centuries, when certainly the maniple still often served the practical purposes of a handkerchief, we meet with not unfrequent references in inventories to richly ornamented *fanons*. One of the earliest examples is to be found in a list from the Monastery of St. Riquier in A.D. 831, which in close connection with other vestments makes mention of two *fanones manuales auro paratos*.¹ It is obvious that the embroidered *mappula*, once released from the service of any practical utility, was likely to undergo further modifications. Hence we find that between the tenth and twelfth centuries it lost the shape of a folded napkin, and became a mere strip of silk of more or less uniform width ending in a fringe, and further to avoid the crumpling and soiling which was entailed by its being carried in the hand, it was found more convenient to tie it securely to the wrist, and eventually to the forearm. Even before the eleventh century it had practically assumed the shape in which it is now familiar to us, though the hideous expansion of its lower extremities into the likeness of a fire-shovel so favoured by French vestment-makers, is a monstrosity which has been reserved for comparatively modern times.

The diversion of the *mappula* from its original purpose of

¹ When we remember that the amice was also at an early date called *fanon*, and that the Papal vestment of that name is a supplementary amice, the phrase *fanon manualis*, "the *fanon* carried in the hand," becomes interesting. It implies a certain similarity between the primitive amice and the primitive maniple. They were both in fact linen napkins, the former of which was used as a neck-cloth. The word maniple itself is of course derived from *manus*, and we read in Anglo-Saxon times of "subdeacones *handlin*." (Rock, i. 385.)

practical utility into a mere ornament led to its functions being supplied by other means. During the later middle ages it seems to have been common in many places to attach a towel (*manutergium*) to the Missal or bookstand.¹ Dr. Rock quotes another admirable instance of such a return to primitive usage. "Curiously enough," he says, "the true, old, simple linen maniple, or hand-cloth, for its original purpose of cleanliness, has been sometimes revived;" and he proceeds to cite an ordinance of Bishop Grandison of Exeter (1327—1369), which I translate: "We enact that at Mass the priest, the deacon, and the subdeacon, should constantly keep a little napkin (*parvum manutergium*) in their hands, that the vestments may not get soiled in front, and to wipe off the perspiration.² So too when the wine and water are being poured into the chalice, or the water at the *lavabo*, let a napkin be held underneath, and when they sit down, let some linen cloth, reserved specially for this purpose, be laid over their lap."

Further, in the time of Durandus, it apparently was customary for the deacon assisting a bishop to carry and look after a special napkin for his use, but it is difficult to decide whether Durandus is describing the liturgical practice of his own contemporaries, or whether he is blindly copying something which he found in Amalarius. More interesting to us at the present day is the suggestion that our modern purificator has probably no other origin than the need of supplying the place of the primitive *sudarium*. Few things are more obscure than the introduction of the purificator, and Father Braun, who has confined himself strictly to the question of liturgical *vestments*, does not touch upon it. Everything however seems to point

¹ As an illustration Father Braun quotes from the synodal decrees of Lüttich, in 1287: "Missale semper involutum camisia linea et munda altari imponatur et habeat sudariolum seu manutergium dependens quo presbyteri nares, os et faciem detergeant (*sic*)."
We hear also of a "pulchrum mochetum," in a kind of case richly ornamented, "qui ponitur in missali pro mundando nasum sacerdotis missam celebrantis." In the famous triptych of the Seven Sacraments, by Van der Weyde, now in the Antwerp Museum, the central compartment shows a Missal upon the altar at Mass, with a *sudariolum* hanging from it. It would seem by no means improbable that the string to which this napkin was attached was used as a book-marker. The Bishop's maniple still serves the same purpose in the book of the Gospels at the beginning of Mass. The ordinance requiring the Missal to be furnished with a *sudariolum* was renewed as late as 1550, at the Synod of Cambray. (Hartzheim, *Concil. Germania*, vi. 698.)

² It is the custom to this day, I believe, in many places abroad to supply *each* priest who says Mass with a white handkerchief, besides the ordinary clean amice and purificator.

to the fact that in proportion as the priest's maniple lost its character of a napkin for practical use, it was found necessary, by some means or other, to provide a substitute. This substitute might be a cloth carried by one of the subordinate ministers for the purpose, or it might be something permanently left in the sanctuary, which would be regarded primarily as an accessory of the Missal or the altar.¹ In this casual sort of way, as I conceive, the purificator has come into general use, but its late and informal character is attested to this day by the fact that though no part of the altar-furniture, with the single exception of the corporal, is likely to come into such immediate contact with the sacred species, the purificator is never blessed, and any clean table-napkin, or pocket-handkerchief, may be used on an emergency to supply its place.²

If a brief digression may be tolerated, it is curious to note how the *Ordo Missæ* of Burkhard (c. 1498) makes no mention whatever of the purificator in speaking of the chalice and its appurtenances before the beginning of Mass, but nevertheless assumes the presence of such a napkin upon the altar at the Offertory. This is Burkhard's account of the final preparations of the priest before leaving the sacristy. When the priest has finished vesting, and is to proceed from the sacristy to the altar :

He takes in his left hand the chalice with the paten attached to it (*calicem cum patena simul ligata*), and on top of it the burse with the corporal and pall, and these ought to be of pure white linen, not of dyed cloth or of silk, and holding the burse with his right hand lest it should fall, he advances to the altar with his head covered. The server goes before him carrying the missal, the cushion (or book-stand), the cruets of wine and water, the host-box with hosts, the candles (for the altar), and the torch (for the Elevation), all unlighted.

This is rather a surprising arm-full, and we are forced to the conclusion that, unless the Mass-server of the days of Pope

¹ In the revised edition, issued in 1550, of the *Antiqua Statuta* of the Church of Cambray, it is prescribed that "the cloth (*pannus*) with which the chalice is wiped dry is to be reverently kept either in the chalice itself, or, like the reliques, upon the altar." It will be noticed that the idea of each priest having a purificator of his own is not for a moment contemplated. Neither was it intended apparently that this cloth should ever be washed; for it is further enacted that "the purificator (*extorsorium calicis*) when it grows old and foul (*minus honestum*) must be burnt over the sacred piscina, and the ashes thrown down it." (Hartzheim, *Concil. Germaniae*, vi. pp. 698, 699.) In the Greek Church a sponge was used for the purpose of wiping the chalice.

² A decree of the Congregation of Rites of the early part of this century requires, however, that a cross be worked on the purificator, to distinguish it from the *lavabo* towel.

Alexander VI. was considerably more careful or more capable than his modern representative, accidents must have been alarmingly frequent. Apparently nothing is said by Burkhard of what becomes of the priest's biretta when they arrive at the altar-steps. He prescribed that the priest should bow to the crucifix, but no directions are given as to the server taking his biretta from him or kissing his hand.

The "chalice with the paten attached to it" was confined in some sort of bag, of which there is explicit mention in the directions which follow (*calicem de suo sacculo sive lintheo solvit*).¹ This bag clearly excludes the use of any chalice-veil, and indeed we find no trace of such a veil in the engravings or illuminations of the period. But what is chiefly of moment in the present connection is the absence of any mention of the purificator in the list of things to be carried to or brought back from the altar, although it is spoken of at the Offertory, after the *Pater Noster*, and after the Communion, in which last place directions are even given that the ablutions being finished the purificator should be spread over the chalice and the paten placed on top of it.

But to return to our more immediate subject, it is interesting to trace in the same little tract of Burkhard an apparent survival of the primitive use of the maniple, or at least a practice which seems to have grown out of that primitive use. Burkhard's book, be it said again in passing, is of the very highest importance in the history of rubrics, for not only was he the all-powerful Master of Ceremonies to Alexander VI. at a critical period in liturgical history, but his *Ordo Missæ* contains the first clear statement of a number of striking changes in the manual acts performed by the priest in the Mass, nearly all of which have been subsequently adopted in the authoritative *Missale Romanum* of St. Pius V. and subsequent Popes. Burkhard then tells us, he is speaking always of a Low Mass :

The Offertory having been said, if there be any who wish to make an offering, the celebrant goes to the Epistle corner, where, standing with head uncovered and his left side turned towards the altar, he removes the maniple from his left arm and taking it into his right hand

¹ At the end of the Mass *after* the last Gospel the following directions are given : "Minister accipit candelas de altari et extinguit eas. Celebrans plicat corporale, palla intraposita, reponit ea in bursam corporalis, et calicem cum patena in sacculum sive lintheum ad hoc ordinatum ligat, ponit desuper bursam cum corporali, et omnia in manum sinistram recipiens manu dextera retinet bursam corporalis ne cadat."

he presents to each one who makes an offering the end of it to kiss, saying to each :

“ May thy sacrifice be acceptable to God Almighty,”¹ or, “ Mayest thou receive the hundred-fold and possess eternal life.”

No doubt it is just possible that this rite is merely an invention of Burkhard’s, meant to eliminate the abuse of giving the paten to be kissed by those who made offerings. But it seems more natural to see in it some vestige of a primitive usage and to connect it with the *candidi fanones* which, according to an early *Ordo Romanus*, the people themselves brought to the altar along with their offerings. In many places it was usual during the middle ages for those who offered to kiss the priest’s hand, but it would not seem that the practice of the priest taking off his maniple and presenting it to them for this purpose was a common one.

As to the specimens of maniples surviving from mediæval times much might be said, and abundant information may be found in Father Braun’s book, together with some very helpful woodcuts. No maniple can be of greater interest than that of Anglo-Saxon workmanship discovered in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, which we know to have been embroidered for Bishop Frithestan of Winchester between 905 and 931.² This is a strip of cloth of gold most richly adorned with figures in needlework. It has a uniform width of two inches and a quarter, and is thirty-two inches long, thus hanging down for sixteen inches on either side of the wearer’s wrist. The extremities terminate in “a fringe of crimson purple an inch and three-quarters in length.” Mediæval maniples varied a little in length and in width, but that made for Bishop Frithestan is a very fair type of the fashion which prevailed almost uniformly throughout Europe from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Among the figures embroidered upon its surface is a representation of St. Sixtus, Bishop, wearing just such another maniple not held in the hand, but apparently balanced upon or tied to his left wrist. Peter the Deacon and Lawrence the

¹ It is curious that this short prayer appears in what is substantially the same form in the Missals of Sarum and York. But it is not addressed to those who offer, and the words *sacrificium tuum* are changed to *sacrificium istud*. Probably it was sung by the choir.

² “The groundwork of the whole,” says Mr. Raine, “is woven exclusively of thread of gold. I do not mean by thread of gold the silver-gilt wire frequently used in such matters, but real gold thread, if I may so term it, not round but flat.” (*St. Cuthbert*, p. 202.)

Deacon are also depicted on the same precious vestment. These two *grasp* their maniples, and the latter holds his, not in his left hand, but in his right.¹ Would it be fair to draw the inference, in accordance with what was suggested above, that during this transition period the maniples of deacons and subdeacons were still often used as napkins, while the priest's or bishop's maniple had become for the most part a purely conventional ornament tied on to his arm?²

The original purpose served by the *fanon*, or *mappula*, does not seem to have been wholly lost sight of by the mediæval liturgists, but their symbolical interpretations have been largely influenced by a somewhat perverse insistence upon the verse of Psalm cxxv., *Euntes ibant et flevant, &c. . . . portantes manipulos suos.* The eventual triumph of the name *manipulus* over its competitors, *mappula*, *fanon*, *sudarium*, &c., was no doubt due to this cause. *Manipulus* means a handful, and the term was capable of being very naturally applied to the handful of folded linen which was grasped in the priest's left palm, but above all, the *sheaf* (*manipulus*) which was to be the reward of toil and tears, opened a wide vista of allegorical meaning, appealing irresistibly to the heart of the mediæval scholar. The prayer now said by the priest in putting on the maniple is fairly representative of the very involved symbolism to which the name has given rise. "May I be worthy," he prays, "to carry the maniple (or sheaf—*portare manipulum*) of weeping and sorrow, so that I may receive with exultation the reward of toil." The "maniple of weeping and sorrow" seems, as said above, to betray some consciousness that it was used originally to dry up tears and to wipe perspiration from the brow, but the word

¹ The statement of the fifth Ordo Romanus, *brachiale in dextra manu*, made apparently about the deacon, may possibly have reference to some sort of maniple. At any rate no other is assigned him. There seems also to be a tendency in early miniatures to represent deacons, in particular, with maniples in the *right* hand.

² Many indications seem to point to the conclusion that in some places the maniple of one or other of the sacred ministers differed from the maniple of the celebrant. Sicardus (c. 1200), following Honorius of Autun, declares that that of the subdeacon was larger than that of the priest, and his way of speaking might seem to imply that the subdeacon's maniple was still made practically useful as a towel or napkin. (Migne, *P.L.* cxxiii. 85; and cf. Durandus, l. 3, c. 16.) Possibly out of this larger *sudarium* was developed the humeral veil used by the subdeacon in holding the paten. (Cf. Rock, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 405.) Let me add that as long as the maniple could be regarded as common to all clerics (*e.g.*, by Lanfranc), there is a distinct presumption that it maintained for these subordinate members of the clergy the character rather of a napkin than of a sacred vestment. For the priest no doubt it was an integral part of his liturgical attire, for the others its liturgical character was not yet clearly defined.

portare must have been suggested by the *portantes manipulos suos*, of the Psalm. It may be, as Father Braun suggests, that the maniple of weeping is the maniple which wipes away tears, and is itself looked upon as the *reward* of toil, but the symbolism of the prayer is in any case somewhat confused. The words used in conferring the maniple upon the subdeacon in his ordination are at least more consistent: "Receive this maniple (*manipulum*, sheaf), by which is betokened the fruit of good works, in the name of the Father," &c. Whatever inferences may be drawn from the occurrence of this rite in Egbert's *Pontifical*, Father Braun is probably well advised in his conclusion that the giving of the maniple to the subdeacon at his ordination is of comparatively late introduction. Lanfranc (*c.* 1070) could find no authority for such a ceremony, and it does not seem to have come into general use until the close of the twelfth century. Needless to add that no theologian now maintains that the conferring of the maniple is necessary for the valid reception of the subdiaconate.

Finally, to anticipate a possible question, it may be remarked that no satisfactory explanation seems to be forthcoming why a bishop in saying Mass should assume the maniple only after the *Confiteor*. It is intelligible enough that the original use of the maniple as a mere napkin to be held in the hand will have led to its being taken up last of all, and that this was in fact the case we learn from various liturgical documents of early date. But the practice of postponing it until the bishop has reached the altar and recited the *Confiteor* seems to be comparatively recent and to have originated in Rome in the course of the thirteenth century. The direction of the *Cæremoniale*, that the maniple is to be brought to the altar in the Book of the Gospels which the bishop kisses almost immediately afterwards, suggests that this custom may possibly have some connection with the practice of attaching a *sudariolum* to the Missal, which was introduced about the same date.

HERBERT THURSTON.

NOTE.

By a regrettable oversight the measurement assigned by St. Charles for the length of the alb was printed in the last issue of *THE MONTH* as six cubits, instead of four cubits. The English equivalent mentioned, *i.e.* five feet eight inches, was however correct.

Obstacles to the Conversion of Anglican Clergymen.

THERE are always a certain number of Anglican ministers passing into the Catholic Church. The numbers may not be large, but the stream is constant and the converse process does not take place. To some, however, who have learnt to appreciate the convincing logic of the Church and the cumulative testimony by which it is supported, it may appear surprising that the movement is not on a larger scale. Sooner or later—and especially at a time like the present, when the Kensit agitation is revealing the utter Protestantism of their ecclesiastical system—it seems as if these men, many of whom imitate the Church so closely in her teaching and ceremonial, must realize the hopelessness of their position.

But those who regard things thus look at them merely on the surface. They are not aware of the combination of circumstances and deeply ingrained habits of thought and feelings by which even the most advanced of these clergy are swayed and hindered from reaching the light.

Of course the greater part of Anglican ministers are kept outside the Church by sheer Protestantism. If all external hindrances were removed there would still be this bar. And this is the case not only with those extreme Low Churchmen who reject altogether the idea of a visible Church, but also with all those numerous sections, subsections, and shades of opinion which pass upwards through almost imperceptible gradations until the extremity of High Churchmanship is reached.

Slowly, it may be, they have grown to the stature of their present belief, and all beyond that they account to be those errors of Rome against which their Church protests. The fact that those errors are held in various degrees by the different grades above them, or that by the descending scale of thought below them those are denounced as errors which they hold to

be God's truth, does not seem to trouble them. Each man is the Church to himself, and his own measure of infallible truth.

Not that the existing state of things is satisfactory to those Anglicans who think about it at all. "What an unsatisfactory state our Church is in," is not by any means an uncommon observation among the Anglican clergy. In some cases, as in that of the present writer, this thought has led to further inquiry, and ultimate reception into the Church, but in the majority of cases it is thrust on one side as a temptation, the mind forcibly diverted from it by the will, and the awakening conscience drugged to sleep by the constant pressure of parochial duty. In fact, the writer has heard of this very advice being given by older to younger clergymen who were troubled about their position in the Church of England: "Throw yourself into your work and do not think about the matter." These are difficulties which are likely to be felt most acutely by those who have gone furthest in the Romeward direction from the main stream of Anglican tradition. And, in fact, it is from the extremists that most of the clerical recruits are won, though the Ritualists persuaded themselves at one time that such defections took place mostly from those lower in the scale of churchmanship. There are very few churches (perhaps not more than a score) in the Anglican body where the extremest party of all could make a home. Of course this isolation is found more or less among all sections of Anglicanism. But in the case of the extreme men, who look upon the old "extreme" six-point party as moderate, it has become much more acute. And what a truly extraordinary position to be in! Cut off already from the majority of Christendom, from the Catholic Church, the Eastern bodies, and Protestant sects, their "communion" is now practically restricted to the smallest section of their own communion. And yet they call themselves "Catholics!" No wonder they should sometimes feel uneasy! The only wonder is, both to the members of their own Church and those outside, that they can remain where they are. It certainly must require a marvellous effort of mental gymnastics to preserve their balance. However, they have become accustomed to the Anglican way of looking at things, and, shutting themselves up within the narrow sphere of their "mikrecclesia" (if one may be pardoned for coining a word) which they have made for themselves, they unite themselves in imagination with the

rest of Christendom, and let that gossamer notion stand for reality.

All Anglican clergymen who have any definite "views" about religion at all, and who have parishes of their own, have fashioned a Church suited to their own ideas of what the "Church" should be in teaching and ceremonial. Anything beyond this even the more or less advanced men will denounce as "Romanism," until the few are reached who copy everything "Roman" without restriction. As for the laity, there are always a certain number ready to follow the clergyman, who thus in fixing the limits of their faith and ceremonial becomes to all intents and purposes their Pope.

If any of their people, especially the young, leave the congregation in which they have been taught, and go to a place, as is often the case, where they cannot obtain teaching and services of the same level, they either conform to the new state of things, or lapse into complete indifference. While still an Anglican, I often heard earnest lay-Ritualists complain bitterly of this state of things, so unavoidable in the Anglican Church. But the clergyman who goes on in one groove within the limits of one parish feels no practical inconvenience from the want of unity in his Church.

To show what habit will do, let me tell a story from my own experience. An Anglican clergyman of my acquaintance had several years back the Highest Church in a certain town. "High Church" he looked down upon. He was a "Catholic." He was for setting right his fellow-Ritualists at neighbouring churches. Since then matters have changed. There has been a change of incumbents at all the other High Churches in the town, who have all gone beyond our Ritualistic friend. He is now quite as busy denouncing these churches for exceeding his ritual, as he was at one time for their falling below it. He is now called "High Church" or "Protestant," by the others. He is as much as ever separated from the moderate High Churchmen who form the bulk of the clergy in the town, and is completely isolated. Yet he still looks upon himself as "Catholic," and is perfectly satisfied with his position. The decision of the Pope about Anglican Orders did, indeed, upset his balance for a time, but he has now completely recovered. He informed the writer, while still an Anglican, that after many years he had brought his "Teacher's Notes" up to a point, "very much to my satisfaction" (he

repeated this with a certain unction), and that he was about to publish them. Knowing how little they would be to "the satisfaction" of nearly all the Bishops and a good part of the clergy of the body to which we belonged, I could not help feeling, even as an Anglican, what a perfectly hopeless expression of private judgment was contained in that phrase. When will these men see that their position and "views" are of exactly the same authority as those of any other cleric of their communion, Low, Broad, or High, in the Establishment, so much and no more? Each one has worked out his theory of the Church to his personal "satisfaction." Oh! what a depth of Protestantism is contained in that phrase and in such connection. No hope expressed that the work might be agreeable to the teaching of the Church, not even this bow towards the abstraction which the Ritualist puts in her place. It satisfied him, that was enough; his satisfaction was the measure of its value. Could Protestantism go further?

It ought, then, to be clear to every Catholic that one reason at least why more converts are not made from the extreme section of Anglicanism, is that their whole position is built upon the fundamental error of self-choice (*αἵρεσις*), private judgment as opposed to the Catholic principle of obedience. In words they may deny this, but in practice it is inevitably so. Each section of High Churchmen no doubt contends that it is ruled by the teaching of the Church, but the fact that each differs so widely in its conception of this teaching is a sufficient answer to this contention. They obviously cannot all be right. In fact, it follows as a natural inference that they are all wrong. It is the claim, grounded on his private judgment, of the individual clergyman to exercise authority, which is the chief weakness of Anglicanism. But the quasi-papalism which they exercise over the minds of their followers is very pleasing to the natural man. Such a thing could never happen in the Catholic Church as that which took place not long ago in the Anglican body, when, on the removal of a clergyman from one parish to another in a part of England far away from it, a portion of his congregation followed him bag and baggage, and settled down in the new place, a fact which caused considerable comment and amusement in Anglican circles. We know it is usual among Anglicans to commend the complete private judgment which the clergy enjoy, as evidencing liberality and freedom of thought in contrast with the "iron rule" of

Rome. But for all that, recent events seem to have been opening the minds of many to its disadvantages.

It is at least obvious that clergy trained in such a system as this must find it very difficult to bow to authority by joining the Catholic Church. The natural repugnance to obey thus fostered must, unconsciously at least, sway their minds against submitting to a Church, with which after all they have more in common than with the majority of their own communion.

Of course the theoretical defence of Anglicans is that they have Orders and Jurisdiction. Without entering into the controversy, it may be remarked, as regards the first, that it would seem as if those who pretend to receive their authority, not from the Church of England by itself, but from the Universal Church, could not help seeing the weakness of their claim to priesthood when it has been consistently denied from the first by the whole of Western Christendom, except by a section of their own communion, and never acknowledged by the East. The Catholic might be inclined to think that, as they recognize the difference between authority and private judgment, they must surely be led to see that their claim to priesthood rests purely and simply on their private judgment in interpreting their formularies or upon the personal opinions of others who have studied the matter. It is the same with the question of jurisdiction: their claim to this is based upon such a modern and false reading of history, so evidently framed to meet their special circumstances, that the Catholic might be tempted to doubt their sincerity.

But due allowance must be made for the influences, surroundings, and training in which they are educated. Brought up amongst Protestant influences, educated at schools, universities, and theological colleges, where the spiritual teachers and leaders of religious thought if High Church are anti-Roman, taught to regard Catholics as heretics and schismatics, it is very difficult for the Anglican clergyman to divest himself entirely of those ideas which have been impressed upon him at a time of life when the mind is most malleable. If he then or subsequently shakes off many of his Protestant prejudices and approaches the Catholic standard of doctrine and ideals, he still clings to the system into which he has grown, to which he has become bound by a hundred ties, to the incongruity of whose formulas with his present beliefs he has gradually become accustomed, through having accepted that ingenious reconciliation between them

whose lines were first indicated by Newman's Tract XC. The peculiar tenacity of thought by which he clings, in the teeth of many of his convictions, to the system in which he has been reared and to the faith which his mind has fashioned for itself, is common enough in all man-made sections of religious belief.

Thus, though to those outside his system, whether Catholic or Protestant, his position is illogical and inconsistent to the last degree, to him it does not appear so, because it has become a habit of thought. Men who have grown into this frame of mind cannot be accused of insincerity. Illogical they must be, and it is therefore impossible to argue with them: this, however, is not due to wilfulness, but to the prepossession which has become dominant in their minds. Hence it can be understood how even when, as already observed, they begin to awake to the contradictions and want of authority in their system, they repress such ideas, almost as if they were temptations of the "enemy." This again is not due to insincerity, but simply to the fact that the dominant idea has taken such hold upon their minds that it has formed in them a sort of false conscience, as Newman confesses in his *Apologia* to have been the case with himself.

The present writer knows the force of this. He had for years seen the weakness of the Anglican arguments and the falseness of their version of history, especially of the critical "Reformation" period, before he was converted. He clung to his "Orders" as a drowning man to a straw, until he realized that they too depended, not upon the authority of the Universal Church, not even upon that of a local schism, but upon what had hitherto been his private opinion and judgment, which he held in common with a like-minded section of his fellow-clergy. In fact, when, apart from public controversy, the bed-rock is reached on which each individual clergyman grounds his faith in his "Orders," it will generally be found to be a purely subjective basis. Except that the belief in question concerns a Catholic sacrament, there is absolutely no difference between the principle on which many of them believe in their "Orders" and that on which a Dissenter grounds his assurance of salvation. It is purely personal feeling which has grown strong by growth, which has been fed by evidences of the power of the sacraments he administers, which he thinks he has observed in his own life and that of others, and which has been confirmed,

it may be, by signs, by visions, yes (some will even say) by miracles. These are the actual grounds on which his conviction rests, and, this being the case, he cannot feel the force of any external argument against it.

He does not remember that such signs are often delusions, a fact so fully recognized by the Catholic Church that she will admit no vision or miracle as true on the *ipse dixit* of the seer, but must first subject it to the most careful examination before giving it the seal of her authority. He is often too narrow to admit, what Catholics fully recognize, that certain effects of grace may follow from the reception of those that are no sacraments by members of any Christian sect if they receive them in good faith.

There are other considerations which may affect the judgment of some Anglicans in maintaining their present position. Considerations such as the following could certainly not be the sole reasons for sincere Anglicans remaining in their Church, but, granted the above described state of mind, they can serve as subsidiary motives in keeping them where they are. One of the most spiritual, and therefore the most subtle and dangerous of such motives, is the specious plea of doing that work which one has apparently been called to do. The clergyman whose thoughts are beginning to turn Romewards, says to himself, and perhaps it is urged upon him by his friends, when all purely Protestant considerations have lost their hold on him: "You have grown to your belief gradually, you have learnt it in the Church of England: it is surely your duty to stop and teach others, to remain where God has placed you." This plausible phrase is very commonly used. But the fallacy is evident enough. It begs the question, which is—Has God placed him there with the intention that he should remain or that he may follow the leading of the light that He is giving him by inspiring him to inquire after the truth? Did He put him there merely to try him that through much tribulation he might seek and find Him in His true Church? The answer that the Catholic Church gives to this is "Yes," and many converted Anglicans have said the same. A Dissenter of any creed, or even a pious heathen, might plead like the Anglican—that he ought to remain in the religion in which he was born, because God had placed him there.

Still more subtle is the suggestion that present difficulties are a cross which God intended him to bear and which therefore

he must not refuse. It is the more subtle and dangerous because it appeals to the loftiest and most spiritual natures, holding out the examples of the saints of God in their difficulties and persecutions in the world as an incentive to remain in what has become the uncongenial atmosphere of a schism, of a house divided against itself. If ever those words were applicable, they are so here—

Oh, subtle enemy, that to catch a saint
With saints dost bait thy hook.

Apart too from the falseness of it, there is much danger of spiritual pride in maintaining such a position for such a reason.

Again, perhaps, he has been successful: he has been instrumental in bringing others to his views. He is at the head, it may be, of a great work. Surely, it is urged, "you should consider the effect your secession will have on the minds of others: some may follow you, but the majority will be irritated and confused by your action. You will in their eyes stultify your past. You will seriously injure the good work you have been doing hitherto in weaning the English people from Protestantism: you will admit that your Orders, that the sacraments you have administered, and whose efficacy you have taught, have all this time been null and void. Are you prepared to do this?" Perhaps the clergyman is married: he will therefore be totally disabled on his conversion from exercising the ministry to which he has been trained, and for which alone perhaps, owing to advancing years, he is now fitted. Such considerations cannot but weigh when the mind is trembling in the balance, and must necessarily predispose it to seize upon such arguments as seem to offer some ground for remaining in the Church of England. The mind accepts these arguments; the question is shelved, and the clergyman looks back to the crisis as a passing attack of "Roman fever," not however without some misgivings, some moments of uneasy consciousness which are speedily dispelled by the daily round and secular interests.

"There are strong arguments," says he, "on both sides: the question is so intricate that I confess I cannot decide it on its merits. If I had been brought up a Roman Catholic, I should have remained one; but as it is, I think I had better remain where I am. I know the Church of England, with all its disadvantages and failings: the Church of Rome I know only

by hearsay. I will not take a step into the unknown only perhaps to find I have made a mistake." And then he recalls all that he has heard about the doctrinal errors and moral blemishes of the Catholic system. He has learnt that to a great extent these charges are false, but he is content to fall back on the popular saying that "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

"There must," he argues, "be some foundation for these charges however exaggerated," not realizing the absolute recklessness of the slanders which Protestant fanaticism hurls against the Catholic Church. And then he bethinks him of those cases of backsliding converts which he has heard of or known ; of those, few certainly in number, who have joined the Church on wrong grounds of sentiment or disgust with their present system, not because they are convinced that she is the only true one. They found the Church not to their taste, because her voice of authority conflicted with their essential Protestantism, because they found they could not do just as they liked as in the system they had left, because they had not realized what was meant by submitting to her judgment, and "they went out from her because they were not of her." But in such the clergyman thinks he sees instances of those who have tried the Catholic system and found it wanting. He will therefore remain where he is ; and so he lulls his soul to sleep.

Such considerations as these he may weigh more or less openly in his own mind. But there may be at the same time, in the background, motives of a more worldly character which materially affect his decision without rising to the surface of his consciousness. Conversion often means loss of friends, especially in the case of the clergy with whom he has been familiar, loss of social position, of professional income : it means loss of prestige : it means being pointed at as a weak-minded yielder to claims which "no sensible man" would allow : it means beginning life again perhaps in its afternoon ; it often means financial difficulties and distress, probably not being able to afford to go to a seminary if unmarried, while if married the case is worse. Indeed, if a clergyman has a wife and family, it is impossible for him to avoid thinking how his action will affect them. However strong may be his dawning conviction, yet the distracted man says to himself: "Can it be right that I should bring them to poverty whose care I have undertaken, and for whom I am naturally responsible, even if the salvation

of my soul depends upon it? Is not my first duty to them, even at the expense of my convictions, even at the loss of my soul? Surely to think of the latter alone would be a purely selfish consideration under the guise of a spiritual one, and so a snare of the devil. God cannot surely require such a sacrifice as this." Certainly the greatest sympathy must be felt for those who have to make such a tremendous choice. Would it be surprising that one so situated should grasp at the first specious argument put before him by some friend with whom he was discussing his trouble? Would it take much to make him say, "Oh! my dear friend, I had not seen it in that light before: your arguments have satisfied me: I will stay where I am." The man would not consciously have acted against his convictions, but his mind would certainly have been subjected to undue influence in coming to this conclusion. Nothing short of the full realization of the imperative nature of that call, "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple," could prove effectual under such circumstances.

It would be interesting to know the proportions between unmarried and married clergy of those who join the Church. The picture drawn above is what in the nature of things must sometimes happen, and one instance at least is personally known to the writer of a young clergyman who had nothing to depend upon but his professional income, and who said, "If I were not married, I should join the Church of Rome." He has now got a benefice in the Church of England. Such motives as these, however, powerful as they must be, are no doubt usually latent, and far be it from me to doubt the sincerity of my late brethren so as to accuse them of living a lie on such accounts. Indeed some of them, as already said, are quite fanatical as to their belief in the truth of their position.

I have heard it said by some of the extreme clergy that infallibility is their only obstacle to joining the Church of Rome. I find it difficult to understand this position. As an Anglican I was never able to sympathize with the attitude of Dollinger or any Roman Catholic who would not accept that definition. It always seemed to me that if once the claim of Rome were granted that she is the one and only Church of Christ, it was no more difficult to accept this definition of hers

than any other which had preceded. The only thing which kept me from accepting it was the being possessed by the Anglican conception of the Church, radically different from that of Rome.

When discussing the matter among themselves, I have heard the following considerations put forward by certain of the High Church clergy in addition to the stock historical arguments, and I know them to have a considerable effect on certain minds: "The Church of England is the only body by which the people can be reached and Catholicized;" and "God could not have left England so long without Orders and sacraments." They are a form of special pleading which could only have weight with those who are held fast in the modern delusion that the Church of God can be split up into rival sections mutually protesting against each other, and having an equal right to claim the presence and authority of the Spirit of Truth.

When once the sovereign truth is clearly grasped that there is but One Holy Catholic Church, One not merely in name but in fact through all time, with the See of Rome as its divinely appointed centre of unity, all such considerations must be blown away like chaff.

None of the objections raised against joining the Church which have been mentioned in this article are fictions of the imagination. All are such as I have heard used from time to time in the course of my ministry. It has not been my aim to answer them all in detail, but merely to give some account of the state of mind of the "extreme" clergy at those moments when they reflect upon their position and claims in relation to the rest of Christendom.

To do the first would indeed be useless, as, apart from those worldly and material motives which must unconsciously bias the judgment in certain cases, the considerations here spoken of are not really arguments at all. They are such as appeal not to the mind but to the heart, and to that they appeal very strongly and subtly under the peculiar circumstances of the High Anglican clergy. If I may take my own case as typical, I must confess that for years I avoided the study of what I then called "the Roman side of the question." Books on the subject I possessed, but they were left unopened on my library bookshelves. The plea by which I sought to satisfy myself was that such study would only perhaps unsettle me without any definite result. I now see that I was simply afraid to face the question. When once I began to do so

seriously there could be but one issue. At the beginning of my career as a clergyman I was curate in a parish that was riddled with dissent. I was recommended as an antidote to distribute a work entitled *Tracts on Church Principles*, written by a well-known Anglican clergyman. The line taken by those tracts was chiefly to attack the subjective character of the dissenting arguments and to show its futility.

I have been surprised to find in later years that those subjective arguments are not confined to such dissenters. Many of the arguments of the High Church party, at least such as they use among themselves, are of the same character. And yet, while dissenters are justified on their own principles in using and even guiding their lives by considerations of this nature, their manifest weakness as used by the High Church party consists in this—that the duty of belonging to a Visible, and therefore external, Church must logically rest only upon objective arguments. The fact, then, that Anglicans fall back so largely upon subjective considerations shows an underlying sense of the weakness of their historical position in Christendom, of the modern claim of a section of their communion to be one with the Universal and Visible Church.

H. C. CORRANCE.

By the Grey Sea.

CHAPTER XII. (*continued.*)

THE hours wore on. Dr. Newman was out on his rounds. Mr. Burton had been telegraphed for, but there was no reply. Miss St. Barbe and the frightened servants were fighting single-handed that one so strong and mighty that in the end before him we all succumb! Great King Death was battling in the upper chamber of the little house upon the front, and Miss St. Barbe, white faced, terror struck, but calm and brave for all that, stood as it were between him and her treasure. She had done all she could. Somehow, when first it happened, she had reached the bell, and tore at it, and then Jane had come and she had despatched her for Dr. Newman and ice. And Jane for once had done right. Half an hour and more though had gone by before the one and only remedy in such a case had come. It was a long weary way to the town proper, but Jane had run there and back.

"I telegraphed for Mr. Burton, too," she panted. "I thought you'd wish it, ma'am."

"Thank God," Miss St. Barbe answered, and raised the white death-like figure, calling lovingly, tenderly to it to take the ice.

"Give me fragments of it then," Miss St. Barbe said hoarsely to Jane, when she saw that the prostrate figure heard not, lying, half muttering to herself while still the red stream flowed. By-and-bye it stopped, and the white hands plucked idly at the coverlette as the hands of the dying so often do.

"Who is the woman that did this thing?" Mr. Burton asked, when just about sunset he made his way down the stairs of the little house we know so well now. He had been two hours at Laura's bedside. She was sinking—there was very little that could be done. "Who is the woman?"

Miss St. Barbe told him.

"I will see her—I will see her before I leave this town. She is as much that poor creature's murderer as if she had drawn a knife across her throat. I shall be over from Avondale by eight to-morrow morning—not that my coming can avail much. We can't undo what is done, dear lady."

He wrung Miss St. Barbe's hand and went out.

"Bring the cart after me," he said to the groom, and strode down the Terrace. And as he went his face grew stern.

"Say Mr. Burton of Avondale," he said to the servant who opened the door at the Randles'.

The parlour-maid did as she was bid, and as she threw open the parlour door she heard her mistress exclaim in a frightened voice: "O my Anna! whatever shall I do?"

"Mrs. Randle," said the doctor, "I have called to know by what right you forced your way into Mr. Rodney's house, and told my patient what you did?"

Mrs. Randle began to whimper out something about feeling it her duty to try and rouse a slumbering soul, but as a piece of eloquence it was a failure.

"A slumbering soul!" echoed the doctor. "Bah! I hate such cant. Do you know what you have done? You have killed Mrs. Rodney. Dying indeed! Do you know that for weeks and weeks past Newman and myself have been amazed at the steady improvement in our patient—a progress ever onward towards recovery. Do you know that only a week ago we said to each other that with care she might live to see us both out? Do you know that but a few hours ago there was every prospect of her being spared to her husband for years and years to come? The shock—the uncalled-for shock, has caused her to break a couple of blood-vessels, and her husband returns to night to find her dying. Yes, I say dying. And before God I swear it is *your* work."

The doctor paused, and poor Mrs. Randle gave a little cry. She began to rock herself backwards and forwards and to mutter that she meant no harm.

"Harm! You've killed her, I tell you. She is sinking now. When the hearse goes by this window, remember that it is your doing. I shall see Dr. Newman to-morrow, and it will then be a question for us to decide whether some step should not be taken in consequence of such an act. If ever a woman was a murderer, you are this night."

Then the doctor strode out and drove away back to

Avondale. As he cleared the town he heard the whistle of a train. The next one that ran in after that would be the one containing Duncan Rodney!

"God help him," the doctor said, speaking aloud, to the surprise of his groom. "God Almighty help him!"

The conference at Carswell was over. Duncan Rodney had read his paper declaring that there was room within the walls of the Church of England for a great divergence of opinion, but that there was a limit, and he drew the line at the extreme Ritualists. His paper was received with hostility by the High Churchmen present, in fact with far more open dissent than he had expected. The truth was, that the paper which had immediately preceded the reading of his own, had been one by a well-known Ritualist clergyman who had advocated the daily celebration of the Eucharist, especially in the Cathedral Church of Carswell. His proposal had been received with enthusiasm by some and with extreme hostility by others—in fact, the Lord Bishop of the diocese had spoken with extraordinary warmth, declaring that there was nothing on earth he dreaded so much as the introduction of a daily celebration in the Established Church. In the debate which followed, or rather in the *storm* which followed, every conceivable form of opinion had been put forth, and Duncan, as he listened, could not but reflect on what Miss St. Barbe had reminded him, that our Lord had given as a sign of His Church, that it should be of *one* mind! In the days and nights that had preceded the conference, he had owned in his heart even while he denied it to his conscience, that the only Church which answered to the description given by the Divine Master, was the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. If he had been alone in the world he would have given up all that he possessed and gone forth to the door of Peter's fold, but he was married! He could not reduce Laura to absolute beggary. He sacrificed everything he had hitherto held dear—for truth had been very dear to Duncan Rodney—and rose to read that paper. But he read without spirit. His belief in the Church of England as by law established had been shattered to pieces, and the only enthusiasm which he created was the enthusiasm of the Low Church clergymen present, when he declared that the extreme High Church party were false to the promise made by them at their ordination, and that in common honour they were

bound to go forth from her. Then he stopped. There was more of his paper, but he could not read it. He was not very well, he said. Who was he, he asked himself, bitterly, that he should rail now at the Ritualists for taking the pay of the Church of England and teaching doctrines the exact reverse of those taught by her rubrics, her articles, and her homilies? Was *he* not taking the pay to preach the doctrines of a Church in which he no longer believed! He slipped away without waiting to greet the good, kind little Bishop, who was afraid from the indifferent manner in which the paper had been read, that the Rector of Littleton was ill indeed. Duncan made his way to his friend's house for his portmanteau, and so to the station. He caught the train in plenty of time, and half an hour later was walking up and down the dreary platform of Farm Junction, waiting for the train on to Littleton-on-Sea. And there on the platform, the first person he met, was Mr. Oliver Barker.

Should he speak, the Rector asked himself? Ever since a certain Sunday when something he had said in the pulpit had not been quite to the taste of Mrs. Randle's brother, that gentleman had turned away his head whenever they had met. The Rector resolved to try and bring about a better state of things. He turned quickly and faced the gentleman, who gave a start of surprise on beholding the incumbent of Littleton. The latter bowed and gave a kindly smile, but Mr. Oliver Barker passed on without deigning to notice it.

Well, he had done his best, the Rector reflected, to put things on a better footing. It was useless to try further. He let Mr. Barker slip from his mind, and turned his thoughts to Laura. He looked away to where in the far distance the lights of Littleton twinkled. That was where she was, and oh! joyful thought, where she was growing stronger every day. He lifted his hat in silent thanksgiving as he thought this and looked up at the violet sky overhead. Here and there in the great vault of heaven a star shone forth like some glittering jewel. Then as his eyes fell, he saw on the opposite platform, in the glare of a gas-light—Mr. Oliver Barker. Probably he had gone across to avoid meeting him again, the Rector thought. It was very absurd.

Up and down—up and down Duncan Rodney walked, thinking—always thinking, and trying to reconcile his conscience to the course he was pursuing. He roused himself

at last with something of a start to wonder what the time was. He looked at his watch. It only wanted ten minutes to the time when the train for Littleton was due. And as he thought this he saw one of the signal lamps change from red to green, while in the far distance he could hear the whistle of the up London express, which ran through Farm Junction without stopping. In old days, when he had been at Carswell Theological College, he had often travelled by it. He looked away up the line and saw, far away in the distance, the lamps in front of the engine and the reflection of the fire on the roadway beneath. Then the whistle sounded once more as the distance signals were passed, and the Rector stood still to see the express go by. And just as he did this he heard a noise on the opposite side of some one running, and directly afterwards Mr. Oliver Barker appeared and jumped down off the platform on to the line. There were no porters about or any one connected with the station, or they would probably have called out. The Rector guessed at once that Mr. Barker had made a mistake, and thought the train was the short one to Littleton which ran in on a separate side-line of its own. Silly man! And what a risk! The lights of the express were coming closer and closer. He would be over in time, and just as the Rector thought this, Mr. Barker caught his foot and fell heavily across the line on which the up train was approaching. Some one—a woman I think—standing near Mr. Rodney, screamed, and another person called out, but what it was he did not know. Mr. Barker had not moved. The Rector saw that there was but one thing to do, and he did it. For one brief second the thought of Laura flashed across his mind, but he could not let a fellow-creature die before his eyes without aid. In an instant he had sprung down from the platform, and as he did so, came the thought that in another moment he might stand before his God, and what was his true position? It was only for an instant he remembered, then he forgot all through the strong instinct, implanted by the Almighty in each living creature, to preserve life. He was in deadly peril. He dashed across the span which intervened between himself and Mr. Barker. As he stooped to raise the prostrate form he turned his eyes on the glaring lamps in front of the train, and in that one brief glance saw that the rocking and swaying engine, was all but on them, and it seemed to him as if he could feel the hot breath of the blazing furnace. He seized the

figure by the arm, and exerting all his strength dragged it into the space between the up and down lines, just as the express with a shriek like a wounded hound tore through the junction at fifty miles an hour. In an instant his hat was gone, and he felt his hair lifted by the wind caused by the rushing train. He stood still, holding tight the man whose life he had saved, until he became aware that there was nothing further to fear, and that a white-faced station master and a couple of frightened porters were beside him.

"My God! sir," said the station master, "but I gave you up for dead. I came out of my office just as the express was in, and saw you a-dragging the gentleman out of the way. I gave you up for lost. I did, sir. Is he injured?" bending down over Mr. Barker as he spoke.

"No—not by the train at all events," the Rector answered, stooping down. Then Mr. Barker opened his eyes and looked at him.

"You!" was all he said. Then again he fainted.

"Was it an attempt at suicide, think you, sir?" the station master asked, as the porters bore the prostrate form of Mr. Barker up the platform.

"Oh no, I'm sure it wasn't," the clergyman answered.

They got water and dashed it in poor Mr. Barker's face, and poured brandy down his throat, and after a while he revived and sat up.

"How was it, sir?" the station master asked.

"I had been down the road a little way," was the faint answer. "I was coming back when I heard the sound of the whistle and thought it was my train for Littleton. I ran as hard as I could, and just as I got to the door I heard the whistle again, and knowing that our Littleton train runs in on the branch line opposite, I never thought of there being any danger. I jumped down without looking, and as I began to run I saw the lights near, and then I remembered the express. Just at that instant I caught my foot in the rail and fell. I knew I was a dead man then, at least I felt as if dead. I couldn't move, I felt as if I was paralyzed. Then—then he came and saved me," and poor Mr. Barker pointed with his hand at the Rector, and began to cry. He sat there on the truck, with his clothes covered with dust and mud, with the sleeve of his coat torn, and with his hat all battered in, and the scene would have been ludicrous if it had not been a little

pathetic. To see a gentleman of sixty years of age, with a bald head, sitting on an inverted truck covered with dust and weeping, is, it must be admitted, rather a trying sight; but Mr. Barker redeemed the ludicrous side of it. He kept putting out his hand and touching the Rector's hand gently. Mr. Rodney returned the pressure every time.

And by-and-bye the Littleton train came in, and Mr. Barker was helped into a first-class carriage, and the Rector got in with him. After that the station master asked leave to shake hands with Mr. Rodney, and then he congratulated Mr. Barker.

"You'd have done badly, sir, if this brave gentleman hadn't been here to-night," he said.

But the Rector pooh-poohed it.

And again, bald-headed Mr. Barker gently touched Mr. Rodney's hand.

Then the train moved off.

Half an hour later, and the Rector left Mr. Barker at his own door. The latter turned the handle softly and went in. Then he opened the parlour door, and entered the room with his torn clothes, his battered hat, and his face all cut and bruised.

"O Lord! Uncle," exclaimed Anna Randle. "O Lord!"

"It's nothing—nothing," he said, sinking into a chair. "It might have been much worse. If it hadn't been for the Rector, who risked his life to save mine, I should have been a dead man hours ago. Maria, we have been very wrong. I know it now. We must never speak of the Rector and his wife except with love."

Then Mrs. Randle screamed, and they gathered round her.

"I'm a wicked woman—I'm a wicked woman, Oliver," was all she could say.

And at the same moment the Rector stopped at his own door. He looked up at the light burning in Laura's room. Then he went in softly. Perhaps she was asleep? Nothing must be done to mar the improvement. He would like to tell her of the wonderful adventure which had befallen him, but it must wait till morning. It would excite her and prevent her sleeping. And as he thought this, he saw Miss St. Barbe standing before him with the great tears running down her cheeks.

And then in a little while Duncan knew. He reeled when Miss St. Barbe ceased to speak. He had made an idol, and God—God was going to take it from him for evermore.

There were lights in No. 8 all through that November night at Littleton long ago.

CHAPTER XIII.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his mate at play,
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy cross, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

MR. BURTON came over to Littleton early the next morning, and his righteous wrath still knew no bounds. By mid-day the story of Mrs. Randle's visit was known everywhere, and a little later the tale of Farm Junction.

And there came a great revulsion of feeling among the people of Littleton. The Rodneys had been at the quiet seaside place some time now. They had not been well received. Some few of the congregation of the parish church had done what they could to welcome the Rector, and later to assist him—people like old Captain Pattinson, and kind, Ritualistic Miss Slater—people who were in real earnest about their religion, but with the majority it had been very different. People were startled now. The Rector's love for his young wife had been a kind of idyll. The memory of those two together rose up in the people's minds, and as it were reproached them. There had been so few who had done anything to help them, or make life pleasant to them. Do not think I am over-drawing, reader. Much that I am writing down is taken from life. I know a man—a good man, one whose friendship I value, a great dignitary in the Established Church—who was preaching once in the town in

which he resided—a town *not* altogether unlike Littleton in some respects—and these were his words, after some three years' experience of the congregation: “If, my friends, I shall wish to find envy, hatred, malice, and *all* uncharitableness, *then* will I seek for it, under the very shadow of this Cathedral!” And so when I tell you of the Gubbins and the Randles, and so forth, I am *not* drawing on imagination. There are plenty of people who go to church continually, and do a great many other things which are regarded as very pious and good, but who do not hesitate to embitter the lives of those from whom they differ! The people who had called Mr. Rodney an Agnostic—an infidel, and so forth—were frightened, awed that day at Littleton of which I write. He had borne himself well in the trial which they had inflicted on him. He had founded the Reading Rooms amid a storm of disapprobation—amid every conceivable insult—these Reading Rooms which were now admitted, on all hands, by the Town Council, by everybody with any claim to speak at all, to have been of the very *greatest* possible service to Littleton-on-Sea. And it had been the same with the alterations at the schools and elsewhere. The Rector had borne himself bravely. They knew it now—recognized it. And through the war none had been more bitter than the man whose life had been saved at the risk of the Rector's own! And it was this man's sister who had been the means of undoing all the good the doctors had done—had been the cause really of Mrs. Rodney's state. There was as it were a hush upon the people at Littleton. They seemed to realize what they had done, and as is so often the case, they realized it only when it was too late! Often they had made Laura wretched, because of the insults offered to her husband, but they would make her wretched no more. One had come within the walls of the little house with the yellow verandah, the windows of which looked on to the grey sea, and with his coming all thought of earthly things had died away as poor and trivial and unworthy to be considered!

“Mrs. Rodney is dying,” people said sadly, one to another, on the evening of the day of which I write.

“My darling, she has killed you,” the Rector said, as at the sunset hour he knelt beside his beautiful young wife's couch—beautiful in life, more beautiful in death.

She lifted her lips to be kissed. It was so difficult to speak—such weary work trying to talk. “She did not mean it; she

meant it for the best," she whispered. "And oh! I am so glad—so proud of what you did. Miss Ellen told me. Oh! I wish I wasn't leaving you—I wish it so. Lift me up—take me in your arms—I want to feel your dear arms round me once again."

Gently Duncan Rodney did as she asked.

And in the quiet chamber for a while silence reigned. It was mild for the time of year. She could breathe better if the windows were open. The casements were set wider, and in the stillness came the sound of the waves upon the beach. The young wife lay with closed eyes, still, quiet, peaceful. And in the drawing-room below, Miss St. Barbe knelt by Laura's empty sofa pouring forth her soul in prayer. She would have given all she possessed to be with "the child," but in those last hours she would not intrude. Those twain had loved each other right well. To be together had been their one ideal of happiness. So long, therefore, as this might be possible to them, she would let them enjoy it, long as she might to be with the young creature who had grown so strangely dear to her. She knelt with a little picture of the Sacred Heart in her hand.

"Thou who didst open the eyes of the blind," she whispered. "Thou who didst make the lame to walk—the dead to rise again—have pity, and even yet spare Thou the child."

To these words she clung, repeating them again and again. How long she knelt she did not know. She was recalled to life by hearing her name. It was the Rector.

"Yes!" she answered, rising.

"She is a little quieter now. Jane is with her. She asks that you will see Father Learmonth to-night, and ask him to bring Holy Communion to her in the morning."

"I will go across the Common now," the lady answered; "the air will do me good."

Miss St. Barbe went over to the church and arranged that Father Learmonth should bring Holy Communion to Laura the next morning, and then returned to No. 8. Mrs. Rodney was sleeping, and Mr. Rodney was with her, Jane said. The sun had set. Miss St. Barbe thought she would take a few more turns up and down the terrace in the soft, grey light before going in. She had not been pacing up and down long before hurried footsteps made her look round. It was Anna Randle with her hat on crooked.

"I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly, "but I saw you from the parlour-window and so I thought—that is, that I might venture—" Miss Randle stopped.

"Kindly go on," said Miss St. Barbe, "without *more ado*."

Poor Miss Randle was dreadfully frightened, but managed somehow to continue.

"Oh! I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am, for the liberty, but—oh, father, he don't know what to do, since he got it."

"Got what? *Kindly* explain," said Miss St. Barbe, looking at Anna Randle as if she thought she was an idiot.

"The answer from the Rector saying as how he'd never pardon the act. Oh, Miss St. Barbe, if you were to see the dreadful state that mother and poor Uncle Oliver are in, I'm sure you'd pity them. I thought, perhaps, you'd see 'em? It's some sort of message as they had like to send Mrs. Rodney. I don't think as poor mother will ever get over what Mr. Burton said to her. And then father, he read out the Rector's note stern like. You see father ain't never gone in for Uncle Oliver's goings on. Oh, miss, if you'd see 'em both I'm *sure* it would do 'em good. We don't deserve it, I know," crying a little.

"Kindly lead the way," said Miss St. Barbe. It might comfort "the child," she thought, to hear that the Randles were sorry.

In the parlour of the large white house old Mrs. Randle was sitting in her usual chair with her stick beside her. The cap, with the purple ribbons, was stuck on anyhow, and opposite to her—his face much ornamented with sticking-plaster, for he had really been hurt in his fall the previous night—was Mr. Oliver Barker.

"Mother," said Anna, "I have brought Miss St. Barbe. I thought as you'd like to see her, being Mrs. Rodney's great friend."

"Nothing can do any good," the old woman said, shaking the purple cap sadly.

Miss St. Barbe turned to Mr. Barker. "I am glad that the injuries were not worse," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, meekly. "Sitting here just now, I couldn't help wishing that good man hadn't saved my life. It's along of me that Maria did it. I don't lay no blame on Maria. It was me that put it in her head."

"No, no, Oliver!" the old woman returned. "I was ready

enough to go. You only meant it for the poor lady's good ; it was my own heart that was wrong."

But Mr. Barker only shook his head. "Maria's too generous," he said. "She wants to take the blame on herself. We none of us treated the Rector fair. I don't hold with his views, ma'am, and I don't hold with the Irish persuasion as you've joined, but we've been wrong. I shan't be happy again, that I shan't." The bald-headed gentleman quite gasped, and poor Mrs. Randle began to sob.

Miss St. Barbe was touched, not only at the words of both Mr. Barker and his sister, but at the sight of their real devotion to each other.

"Your daughter told me," she said, "that she thought you might have some message for my dear little friend." Miss St. Barbe's mouth twitched convulsively as she alluded to Laura, but that was the only outward sign she exhibited of her emotion.

For a moment there was a silence, and then Mrs. Randle stretched out her hands. "Tell her," she sobbed, "as it wasn't none of Oliver's doing—tell her I didn't know as she was sweet and good till I came away from seeing her. Tell her as Oliver grieves like me about it, tell her—" Mrs. Randle's voice failed.

"Tell her it was my doing, not Maria's," old Mr. Barker said.

Miss St. Barbe rose. "I go," she said, with her sweetest and most wonderful smile.

Miss Ellen went along the terrace. As she drew near the house with the yellow verandah, she saw Miss Gubbins and Ignatius, *ne' Benjamin*, come away from making inquiries. The tide had turned at last, but the hour was passed for the Rector to care. What did anything matter now that his darling was dying? Yes, that was the word.

"She'll be gone before to-morrow's sunset," Mr. Burton had said to Jane at the door a while back, and wiped a tear away that somehow had strayed in unprofessional manner down his cheeks.

"I bring you *her* forgiveness," Miss St. Barbe said, standing once more in the Randles' parlour about seven the same evening. "'Tell them I pray God bless them with my dying breath,' were her last words now."

"Lor! Oliver, and her a Papist! The Lord be good to her. And you, ma'am?" turning to Miss St. Barbe.

"As a Catholic I am bound to forgive you, and I do so—yes I *surely* do so. Good-night!"

"And the Rector, ain't he sent?"—— Mrs. Randle stopped.

Miss St. Barbe shook her head. Not even when Laura had pleaded had he been able to say he pardoned.

"Hum!" said old Randle an hour later. "I hope as we shan't hear nothing more agin' the Papists in this house. We've heard a stin too much in the past, I'm thinking. If *theirs* ain't Christian conduct, I don't know what is."

And I may add that Mr. Randle's wish was really carried out. "The Man of Sin" and the "Scarlet Lady" both died, killed, perhaps, of the exercise of true Catholic charity.

"I made her my idol," the Rector said, as he sat in his study that night. Miss St. Barbe was with him. She was going to lie down till three o'clock, then she was to take Jane's place. Mrs. Rodney was asleep just then.

Miss St. Barbe smiled. "Nay, surely, my friend, my *dear* old friend, He who made your Laura sweet and beautiful, *meant* not only that you should love her, but love her right well, too."

Duncan was silent for a moment, then he looked up. "I made her my idol for all that. Do you remember how, when I left for Carswell, she was doing so well, and when I returned she was dying! God punished me. I had come to the conclusion that Learmonth's contention was right. 'The light,' as you say, came to me. I *saw* as I studied, and as you and Learmonth talked, that the Catholic Church was the only true one. If I had been alone in the world, I should have declined to read that paper at the conference, I should have resigned my living before this, but my love for her prevented it. I knew that without care and nourishment she would die. I went away and tried to bolster up a cause in which I have no longer any faith. In one sense what I read was true. The Church of England *is* comprehensive enough to hold the High Churchman, who disregards the Articles he subscribed at his ordination; the Low Churchman, to whom Baptism means nothing; the Broad Churchman, who denies, not only the miracles of our Lord, but perchance even His claim to be the Son of the Living God! How I myself have lived in such an assembly I know not. But the light has come to me, as it came to you. I blinded my eyes to it for Laura's

sake. Now my darling is leaving me. God in His wrath, His *just* wrath, is taking her from me. I know it. There is no reason now for my holding back. I shall resign my living, and I shall ask Learmonth to receive me. How the light has come I scarcely know. It seemed to break in upon me as I studied. No wonder those Ritualist fellows are so anxious to prevent their so-called penitents from studying the Catholic claims. Study history and the result *must* be, if you approach it in the *right* spirit, submission to the Catholic Church! Till the time of Calvin, practically, no one doubted the claims of Rome. As St. Francis of Sales has truly said, how absurd it is to suppose that the fifteenth century could be a better judge of what had happened in the first century than the writers of the *second* century! Listen to the clear words of Irenæus. To Rome, he writes, only a century and a half after the Death of Christ, 'It is necessary that every Church resort, in which great and glorious Chair has been preserved that tradition which is from the Apostles.' Why it is the *very* language of a Papal Brief of our own day! And it is the same with other early writers, Cyprian, Optatus, Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, Cyril. To talk as English Churchmen do about the Petrine claims being a *modern* invention is to lie. What could be more decisive than the words uttered by the Pope's Legate at the Council of Ephesus? 'It is doubtful to no man, but has been known to all ages, that the Holy and most Blessed Peter, the Prince and Head of the Apostles, and the pillar of the faith, the foundation of the Catholic Church, received of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . the Keys of the Kingdom, . . . who up to this time, and always, lives and exercises judgment in his successors.' Yet this assertion of power, so far from being disputed by the Fathers of the Council, was expressly accepted by them. The Legate, they said, 'had spoken what was suitable.' Well might Leo XIII. open that Vatican library, inviting all to study, saying that the Catholic Church had nothing to fear from history. Well may Ritualists tremble at the idea of their followers going to the root of the question for themselves. The way to spread Catholic doctrines is to invite the people to really *study* the question. God knows what my future will be," the Rector went on, "but I do know this, that I will spend my life in spreading abroad, as far as possible, the truths of the Catholic Church. Ah! if only my angel wife had been permitted to remain with me, how happy

we might have been in our new-found faith! Alas, now you know why I said I had made her my idol."

"God permits us to fall at times in order to humble us, dear friend," Miss St. Barbe answered. "But why have you not told Laura? Ah! you can never have guessed how much she has felt the separation in matters of religion. Think what your news will be to her. Only a while back *she* spoke of her sorrow that when to-morrow she receives Holy Communion—her *last* Communion—you will have in it neither part nor lot. I will not tell her to-night, it would excite her too much, but when the morning light has come, I must tell her what God has done—how He has answered her prayer. And you have believed it all to be true since when?"

"In a way for some weeks, but it is only since we actually began to talk that I have come to see everything as clear as day. *How*, I know not; all I know is that, with the man in the Gospel, I can say, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see!'"

"To you, too, 'the light' has come," Miss St. Barbe answered, the light which shone round the Apostle Paul on the road hard by Damascus. Listen, my friend, for I can venture advice, for remember you are a simple layman from henceforth. You say you have erred for *her* dear sake. Undo the evil as fast as you can and as far as possible. Hesitate no more. You believe! That is enough. Why should you not be received to-morrow morning, and so rejoice your Laura's heart? Undo the evil. Who knows, my friend, but 'He will return and leave a blessing?'"

That night Duncan Rodney kept vigil. At six o'clock he was at the door of Father Learmonth's house, just as the Angelus sounded.

Earnest was the conversation that followed. As the priest had been amazed in the case of Miss St. Barbe, so was he doubly amazed at Mr. Rodney's knowledge of Catholic doctrine.

"And you said the reverse a while back on the Common," he said more than once, and Mr. Rodney answered as he had answered before.

"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

"Can any man forbid water," Father Learmonth said, when the two had finished going through the Catechism; "but first you must make a general confession."

"It will take me days and days to prepare," Duncan

began, but Father Learmonth interrupted him, smiling gently, sadly.

"I want you to be a Catholic as soon as possible, because I know the joy it will give your wife, and alas! there is sad reason for haste. But even if it were not so, you will find we shall not take very long. I am an old hand, you know—the *real* thing, and not a Ritualist. Kneel down."

So Duncan knelt, and found, what a great many other people have found before him, that a general confession is not nearly such a difficult thing as he had supposed. It was all finished, and Mr. Rodney had been baptized a member of the Catholic Church, long before it was time for Father Learmonth to vest for the eight o'clock Mass. The wind wailed round the quiet church as it ever does in that little building at Littleton-on-Sea, and Duncan felt that he would never forget the first Mass he heard as a Catholic. When the Host was lifted up he prayed that God would deal with his Laura gently. And then he stole forth and went away across the broad Common land to his own home. He paused when he reached the Randles' house. He could not receive Him, who when He was reviled, reviled not again, with anger in his heart, and Father Learmonth was anxious he should make his First Communion in a few days. The Rector passed into the stiff, ugly parlour. He stretched out his hands to the old woman and her brother, and an infinite pardon was in his voice.

"I forgive," he said, simply, but it was enough. They understood.

Later in the day they knew why it had been thus. Miss St. Barbe told them, meeting Anna and her mother on the terrace.

"A Catholic is bound to forgive injuries," she said, and Mrs. Randle went into her own house, amazed.

Far away in the distance came the echo of the old parish clock, striking nine, that soft November day of which I write, when Father Learmonth, with bowed head, and hands clasped on his breast, passed down the front. In Catholic lands he would have come with the ritual of Mother Church, but here, in this island, once styled the "Dower of Mary," such cannot be, and none who saw the priest save only a practised eye, would have known that on his breast he bore the Lord of all. The windows of Laura's room were open wide, and in the hush that reigned came the solemn words of the ritual mingling with the

never-ending *Sanctus* of the sea. The anointing was soon over, and then, lifting the Host from the table where he had placed It, with the lighted tapers burning before It, Father Learmonth gave Holy Communion to the dying wife. And in his new found joy as a Catholic for a little while Duncan Rodney forgot his grief. And then came what so often comes after the administration of the last sacraments—the tired eyes closed, and Laura slept.

The hours moved on. Every now and again she woke and looked up at those she had held so dear, and smiled, but the time for words was passed.

The sun was setting when she said : "Music—I hear music!"

"It is God's angels who are near you, dear," Miss St. Barbe said, and the eyes closed again and Laura slept. It was almost dark, when on her face there shone a sudden and wondrous light.

"So loud now," she said, "but oh! so sweet," and then as though some one called, she answered, "Yes," and so answering went forth into the night.

"Methinks that louder burst of music marked the Master's coming," Miss St. Barbe said, looking up at Duncan, but he heard not. It was only afterwards, long afterwards, that he said, "Perhaps it was so—who could tell"—but then he knew nothing, gazing down into his dead wife's face.

Through days and nights that followed he rarely left her, holding her hand to keep off the-chill of death. A crucifix lay on her breast, and softly the tapers gleamed around, and on the sweet face the light grew ever brighter.

And on the fourth day they bore her to the little church upon the Green, and mingling with the murmur of the sea, the plain-chant *Kyrie* rose and fell. And the priest lifted up the Host between earth and heaven, and in his new-found faith Duncan was content, sorrowing indeed, but not as one without hope. And in the Catholic cemetery a while later they laid her down. And in the hush came the patter of the holy water upon that flower-lined grave, and for a moment came a wild, mad longing to Duncan to have his darling back. But as the voice of the priest broke the stillness, asking for the angel guard to keep that place of sepulchre, comfort came to him once more, and he bowed his head. When he raised it to go away, he saw to his astonishment that the place was crammed. The tide had turned at last. Duncan Rodney and his wife had won their

way at last into the hearts of the people of Littleton. Once he had longed that it might be so, but now what did it matter?

That was what he asked himself as he sat alone in his desolate house the same evening in the sunset hour. The window was open—the sea-breeze she had loved floated softly in. What did it matter? In the strange Sabbath-like stillness the music of the far-off waves seemed to echo his question. Then he sat motionless, watching the grey, silver sea, and thinking of their first coming to Littleton, and of the days while yet their love was young.

The weeks went on. Duncan had given up the living, and some one else was doing the work, who he did not know. The good, kind, little Bishop wrote a letter more in sorrow than in anger at the step Duncan had taken, but he could not answer. Resignation, which seemed to have come at first, had gone altogether. The days went on, and he knew only the longing to see once again his Laura's face.

And through it all Miss St. Barbe was close at hand, doing all that mortal could to heal the wound which God in His wisdom had seen fit to inflict. That was all she could do now to please "the child." She kept Laura's picture beside her bed at night, and on her writing-table during the day, carrying it reverently with her when she went from the one room to the other, the last thing at night.

"I wonder if she and my poor Henry Danbury have met," she said sometimes to Duncan, and for answer he would gently touch her hand.

At last stern necessity roused the bereaved man. He had but £50 a year, and must do something. The little house with the yellow verandah was let to a lodging-house keeper, and Mr. Rodney took the dining-rooms. It was painful having strangers upstairs where once *she* had been, but he could not make up his mind to go away from the place where they twain had been together. But he must do something, and after a time it was settled that he should take pupils. A good private tutor was much needed in the neighbourhood, and in a little while Duncan was making just enough to live upon. Literary work, too, came in his way, and added to his income, which was more than he needed, he often said, with his slow smile. Besides, there is a whisper in the air that his present occupation is but temporary, and that in time he will follow in the footsteps of his constant companion, Father Learmonth!

And how is it, you ask, with Duncan in himself. The wild longing to have his darling back is passed. Resignation has come, as it ever will come, if we truly ask for it. "Harsh grief doth pass in time into far music," and it is so with Duncan Rodney. He labours hard—the days pass by, full of interest in his work, and above all in everything connected with his beloved religion. Each morning he hears Mass, and each day that passes makes it one day nearer to the time of his rejoining Laura. That is what he says always to Miss St. Barbe, when of a summer's eve, they wander, faster friends than ever now, down to the sea, where once they used to be with sweet-faced Laura.

"Yes," Miss St. Barbe answered, the last time, "*that* is the great comfort for us both—we two—who have been left behind," and then they sat in silence, watching the light on the grey sea till the distant chimes warned them it was time to go home.

"*Kindly*, my good Louise, give me the basket of anemones," Miss St. Barbe said, and then they wandered slowly away across the broad Common land, but ever and anon they paused to turn and look at the grey, silver sea which once the dead Laura had loved so well.

THE END.

Reviews.

I.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.¹

FATHER MAAS, the Professor of Holy Scripture at the great Jesuit Theologate of Woodstock, is already known for some useful contributions to the study of Holy Scripture. He has now brought out a commentary on St. Matthew, which is sure to be appreciated when it is known. If asked to describe its speciality, we should call it a painstaking commentary. It must have cost the author an enormous amount of labour, to enter so elaborately into every question, critical, exegetical, and archæological, which meets him in his course. The notes are in fact highly condensed treatises, in which almost everything that can be said or has been said on the difficult questions raised, is tightly packed and at the same time clearly stated. It is a feat too on the part of the publishers to have got so much within the compass of only 317 pages, for though the notes are in minion type, the impression does not try the eyes. Each excellency we know has its attendant defect, and a commentary containing so much does not make easy reading. It is not the sort of book one can take in one's hand and read continuously, nor presumably did the author write it with that view. But it is a book to have on one's shelves for purposes of reference.

The usual questions of authorship, authenticity, and plan are discussed in an Introduction of some fifty pages, in which the objections of modern rationalistic critics are carefully considered. In particular the famous passage from Papias is examined, and abundant parallel passages are adduced to show that *τὰ λόγια* should mean an entire Gospel narrative, including both words and deeds, and not the mere discourses of our Lord. Father Maas defends the theory of a Hebrew original, which seems the most probable. Papias's testimony is distinct that St. Matthew did write a Hebrew Gospel, and though no Hebrew

¹ *The Gospel according to St. Matthew.* With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J. Herder: Freiburg in Breisgau; St. Louis, U.S.A.

text has ever been found, save the Ebionite text of which St. Jerome speaks, its disappearance can be sufficiently explained. A Greek translation would have been required for Gentile use from the first, and as the Jewish Christian community so soon died out, its residue passing into Ebionitism, it is intelligible that the text provided for their use should have persisted only in a corrupt Ebionite form.

Father Maas has a long disquisition on our Lord's last Pasch, in which he takes the view that the Pasch eaten in the Supper-Room was a true Pasch with all its observances, the eating of the lamb included, and that the Crucifixion therefore was on the fifteenth, or day following the Pasch, in spite of John xviii. 28, which he explains, doubtless with many others, as referring to the eating of the Chagiga, not of the lamb. The more we think of it, the more we are convinced that this theory is mistaken. St John's language is too clear to be explained away, and the three passages (given in each Synoptic) in which the Supper is called the Pasch, are virtually but one, and one capable of a different explanation. Then, too, Father Maas rejects far too easily the concordant testimony of the earliest Christian writers, who state in the most categorical terms that no lamb was then eaten, because it was not the correct day.

In his exegesis Father Maas shows a sound judgment in the selection of interpretations, and will usually carry the reader with him. Father Knabenbaur's influence too is visible throughout, especially in the references to Patristic and other writers, so that this volume may be regarded as one of the fruits of that distinguished commentator's work. In case another edition should be reached, we would suggest the few following points for consideration. It seems a pity in a commentary of such pretensions, that the Greek text should not be more extensively quoted, and its idioms weighed. Curiously, though a commentary on a Greek text, it more often quotes Hebrew than Greek. Again, we should like to see in the Introduction a short disquisition on the comparative value of the different MSS.; a mere list of the abbreviations by which they are known does not convey to the reader any accurate notion of the significance of the various combinations of readings. A few tables, *e.g.*, of the genealogies, would be acceptable, and the number of the chapter should be given in each head-line. We trust Father Maas will be enabled to follow up this volume by commentaries on other Gospels.

2.—OXFORD CONFERENCES.¹

Father Joseph Rickaby has brought out a second series of his *Oxford Conferences*; the fresh conferences, eight in number, being those delivered to the Catholic undergraduates during the Lent term of the present year. There is an introductory address on Proselytism, in which, after distinguishing between true and false methods of spreading the faith, he points out to his young listeners a mode of preaching the faith which is peculiarly incumbent upon them, and can give offence to no one. "In your persons they may be learning for the first time that there is nothing in Roman Catholicism incompatible with the best qualities that make the glory of Oxford, and of English-speaking men all over the earth." This suggestion strikes the key-note of the series, the object of which "has been to foster" in the minds of the young Oxford Catholics "the growth of a Catholic mind, in which narrowness has no part," and by which Catholic principles are not abandoned but are developed and applied. Here is a subject-matter of the most comprehensive kind, but Father Rickaby confines himself for the time being to "the principles of Dogmatic Religion." He distinguishes between a subjective and an objective method of investigating and forming opinions, depicting the former as one which is content to embrace opinions merely on the ground that they are the prevalent opinions of the day, and the latter as one which seeks out the facts themselves as best it can, and is not deceived by the glamour of great names. This is an important distinction for young men of education to grasp, and it is on its being grasped by them, and on the objective method being preferred, that the Catholic Church founds her hopes. If she is to be judged by the opinions of the age, she cannot anticipate a favourable judgment, but she appeals fearlessly to those minds which insist on going straight to the facts. Having thus taught them a sound method, Father Rickaby brings up for discussion Witchcraft, the claim to criticize everything and yield nothing to Authority, the necessity of Dogma, Undogmatic Morality, the true nature of Conscience, the distinction between Dogma and Discipline. Father Rickaby's previous series of Conferences has been very favourably received, and it has been generally agreed that he has made a prudent choice

¹ *Oxford Conferences. Second Series. Lent Term, 1898.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London : Burns and Oates ; New York, &c. : Benziger.

of topics, and of the suitable mode of dealing with them in short Sunday lectures. We may confidently anticipate a like verdict on this second instalment. Written, too, for undergraduates, they will be found equally useful for others. The style of questionings in regard to the faith which Father Rickaby treats of, are not now confined to Universities ; they have spread to the clubs and the counting-houses, and even to the gatherings of the more confiding sex.

3.—SOME NEW BOOKS ON CANON LAW.

The form of procedure laid down for the trial of criminosus clerks in the Decretals of Gregory IX. can rarely be employed in the circumstances in which the Church is placed to-day. And yet the good of the Church and justice require that some legal process should be observed in cases which call for a public trial, and which cannot be settled paternally by ecclesiastical authority. To meet this necessity, the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars issued an Instruction in Italian in the year 1880. Without abrogating the old procedure, which still remains obligatory where it can be employed, this Instruction laid down the method to be employed in criminal trials of ecclesiastics, which only admitted of being summarily treated. This Instruction, at the request of some French bishops, was extended to France in 1882, and, with a few slight alterations, became law in the United States in 1884. It is a legal document, drawn up for the guidance of ecclesiastical judges and lawyers, and so does not enter into minute details. It takes for granted a considerable acquaintance with canon law. Hence the need of commentaries. Several have been already published, among which we may mention that by S. B. Smith, and another by Droste and Messmer. Now we have the pleasure of announcing another by the Abbé Périès,¹ already well known by similar works on other portions of canon law. He was for some time Professor of Canon Law in the Catholic University of Washington, and so is well acquainted with the condition and needs of the Church in the States. Having the advantage of the labours of those who have preceded him in the same field, he is enabled to improve on them, and in some important points to correct them. We wish the work all success.

¹ *La Procédure Canonique Moderne dans les Causes Disciplinaires et Criminelles.*
Par M. l'Abbé G. Périès. Paris : Roger et Chernoviz, 1898.

The matter and scope of *La S. Congregation du Concile*¹ are accurately described in the title. The author, a Doctor in Canon Law and a member of the *Studio* of the Council in Rome, wished, in his treatment of a point in Canon Law, to adopt the historical method now so commonly adopted in other sciences. It seems to us that he has done this with advantage. He shows that the Congregation of the Council has had different powers at different periods of its history; and, practically rejecting the distinction between comprehensive and extensive decrees, he maintains that now at any rate it possesses a certain legislative power. This view, though not altogether new, is against those which have hitherto been commonly taught; we shall be interested to see how it is received by canonists and theologians.

Praelectiones Juris Regularis is an excellent text-book of the canon law concerning Regulars.² The learned author, a Belgian Capuchin, and an ex-Provincial, was entrusted by his Superiors with the office of teaching Canon Law to the younger members of his Order. Having come to the conclusion that that portion of the Canon Law which most immediately concerned themselves would be of most practical use to them, but not finding any manual on the subject which suited his purpose, he composed the book before us as a text-book. A second and improved edition has now been issued. In the six parts into which the work is divided, the author treats consecutively of the nature of the religious state, of the religious profession, of the obligations of religious, of their government, of their privileges, of their pains and penalties in case of crime. The method of expounding the matter by question and answer enables him to treat his subject briefly and clearly. Different views are stated, and that which the author adopts is defended by solid arguments. A good feature of the book is the copious references to classic authors at the foot of each page, so that if the student wishes to examine any question at greater length, he can do so without loss of time, if only he has a fairly good theological library at his command. Father Piat is not content with merely stating the common law with regard to Regulars, or applying it to the special circumstances or constitutions of

¹ *La S. Congregation du Concile—son Histoire, sa Procedure, son Autorité.* Par l'Abbé Parayre. Paris : Lethielleux, 1897.

² *Praelectiones Juris Regularis.* Auctore F. Piatu Montensi. Editio altera, aucta et emendata. Tornaci : Casterman.

his own Order ; he has a great deal to say about other Orders, so that his book should be useful to many others besides Capuchins. The good judgment of the author is shown in his selection of opinions ; in very few cases should we be inclined to differ from him. To mention just one, we think that he makes too much of the difference between the solemn and simple vows of obedience.

Padre Gonella sends an excellent little handbook¹ on the celebrated Constitution of Pius IX., *Apostolicae Sedis*. He gives the text of the Constitution, accompanied by a brief and clear explanation. The doctrine is taken from the most approved modern theologians, and the most recent Decrees of the Roman Congregations are duly registered, and taken account of in the exposition. The author shows judgment in the selection of opinions, and although in one or two instances we should be inclined to allow more for opinions which he rejects, still these are only cases where each theologian has a right to abound in his own sense.

4—THE ARUNDEL HYMNS.²

The hymn-book, which, as many of our readers will be aware, has long been in preparation by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Charles Gatty, F.S.A., seems to be making satisfactory progress. At any rate, the editors have issued a Part I., which is designed, we understand, to be at the same time an instalment and a specimen of the completed work. For what is given us here we have nothing but praise. Before these sheets appeared we may confess to have felt some misgivings whether a note of antiquarianism might not perhaps characterize it and be a bar to its practical utility. But both as regards the words and as regards the music the results seem eminently satisfactory. The editors have given us a selection which is Catholic in more than a religious sense. In some cases, indeed, they have vindicated for Catholic use hymns which, though perhaps heard more frequently in Anglican churches, are distinctively Catholic in origin. We may note for instance, “Jerusalem ! my happy

¹ *De Censuris late sententie juxta hodiernam Ecclesie disciplinam.* E. Gonella. Editio altera. Marietti : Augusta Taurinorum, 1899.

² *Arundel Hymns.* Chosen and edited by Henry Duke of Norfolk and Charles T. Gatty, F.S.A. Part I. London : Boosey and Co., and Catholic Truth Society, 1898.

Home," the work of some unidentified Catholic priest in the reign of Elizabeth, which is here entitled, *A Song of the Celestial City*. Only eight stanzas of this beautiful poem are given, but this is probably quite as large a number as could ever be serviceable to a congregation. Again, *The Praises of Jesus*: "When morning gilds the skies," well deserves to find a place in such a collection, being a translation by Father Caswall from a Catholic German original. It would be a pity if so bright and joyous a little song should hardly be known in England outside the pages of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Further, the presence of Lady Gilbert's (Miss Rosa Mulholland) beautiful translation of *Cor arcae legem continens*, proves that the editors are not indifferent to the work of contemporaries, and this example will encourage other writers of our day, we trust, generously to forego on occasion the strict claims of copyright. In the matter of tunes and arrangements, the compilers seem wisely to have thought that in music the question of creed is not of primary importance, but on the other hand the level of excellence they require is uniformly high. This first instalment of the *Arundel Hymns* is prefaced by a letter of commendation addressed to the Duke of Norfolk by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. If we have any criticism to make upon the get up of this little *brochure*, it would be that a somewhat broader page would be found more effective and more practically useful. The *Chorale Book for England*, published by Messrs. Longmans, seems to us a model in this respect.

5.—MEDITATION LEAFLETS.¹

A Father of the Society of Jesus having had considerable experience in giving retreats, has published, under the above title, an Eight Days' Retreat, in pamphlet form, as well as in separate leaves. These have already been favourably received in private use, and the originality of their method recommends them, each meditation being drawn up, generally in three sections, containing four, five, or six brief, simple, practical heads. The object of the writer is to supply leaflets to be placed in the hands of the exercitant without danger of confusing his mind with a too great variety of matter. Among

¹ *Meditation Leaflets.* By a Father of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates.

the subjects most successfully handled are the Preliminary Meditation, the Incarnation, Call of the Apostles, and Summary of the Chief Resolutions, together with the series of Considerations on the Priesthood, the Apostolic and Religious Life, and two useful Considerations on Time and Work.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IT is satisfactory to find that Father Howe's *Catechist* (Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson; London: Washbourne) has reached its third edition. Not, indeed, that this is surprising, for Catechism we have always with us, and Father Howe has adopted an excellent system. He goes carefully through each question and answer of the Penny Catechism, providing excellent points for catechetical instruction upon it, and indicating explanatory comparisons, the points being suggestive and the comparisons apt. In the Appendix are numerous anecdotes.

The Catholic Truth Society sends two tracts, *Why in Latin* and the second part of *Carpenter Lynes, or the Mother and the Son*. When it is said that they are by Father Bampfield, it will be understood without further words that they are both convincing and pleasant to read, and that they are themselves in what the author shows the Latin of the liturgy to be—a language “understood of the people.” A few weeks ago a Protestant Alliance sheet, with the terrifying title *The Jesuits’ Plot for the Destruction of our Liberties*, was distributed widely in the streets and the railway stations. It is the poor innocent MONTH which was credited with the desperate design. “The Jesuits,” says this veracious sheet, “have published in this Magazine, THE MONTH, for October, 1889, a scheme containing what they describe as ‘salutary measures,’ which they hope to put in force, if they gain the ascendancy in the country.” 1889 is a little way back, and the scheme described, or rather misdescribed, is three hundred years back. Father Joseph Rickaby examines the charge in a C.T.S. leaflet of the same name, and administers to the P.A. three well-merited words on Equivocation, Education, and Manliness, in the first of which three qualities the people of that Association are as proficient, as they are deficient in the other two. The Catholic Truth Society also sends *Meditations*

on Christian Dogma, by Father Bellord, a larger work in two volumes of which we must defer our notice till next month.

St. Teilo's Society sends its Report for 1897-8, and also one or two of its publications. The effect of the Reformation was to deprive the Welsh people of their Catholic pastors, but Anglicanism they never took to. Wesleyism was the first form of Protestantism which had any success with them. Hence till about a century ago they were neglected Catholics, and, under all their bigotry, traces of this recent Catholicism are discernible in their customs. On such a soil it does not seem hopeless to work for the replanting of the faith, and it is encouraging to watch the zeal of the small body of Cardiff Catholics who form the nucleus of St. Teilo's Society. With straightened means they have really done a great deal in the way of lectures and publications to reach their Protestant neighbours, and they seem to have had some promising results. The tracts sent are *The Festival of Corpus Christi*, a tract explanatory of the Procession which is held yearly at Cardiff with much solemnity, *The Unity of the Church of Christ*, a well-put lecture of Mgr. Vaughan's, delivered at Cardiff, and Mr. Hobson Matthew's *The Old Faith and the New*, which in dialogue form collects together testimonies to the ancient Catholicism of the Welsh people.

Messrs. Pustet send an *Enchiridion Gardualis Romani*. It is a collection of such Offices from the *Graduale Romanum* as are likely to be needed for the use of ordinary parish churches. Thus the Office for semi-doubles and simples are omitted, and likewise those for the *feriae* of Advent and Lent, but not of Holy Week, Easter, and Pentecost. The Plain Song is not given in its own proper notation, but in scores of five lines with the modern clef, and is set to the most suitable modern key. The editor pleads that this adaptation will be welcome to those accustomed to sing from modern music. We question if it will, but it may be of assistance to an organist wishing to play an harmonized accompaniment.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1898, iv.)
The Church and Trial by Combat. *M. Hoffmann*. The Regensburg Conference of 1601. *A. Hirschmann*. The Jesuits in Paraguay. *B. Duhr*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (Sept. 17.)

The Papal Encyclical of August 5th. The Breach of the Porta Pia and the Breach of the Vatican. The Canonization of Conspiracy. The Problems of Lourdes before the Tribunal of Science. The Last Bourbon of Naples. Archæology.

THE ÉTUDES (September 5 and 20.)

The "Bonne Souffrance" of M. Coppée. *V. Delaporte.* The Reply of the Patriarch of Constantinople to Leo XIII. *F. Tournebize.* The Centenary of Vasco de Gama. *H. Prélot.* Goethe, his Life and Work. *L. Chervoillot.* The Work of Michelet. *C. de Beaupuy.* Wireless Telegraphy. *J. de Joannis.*

Wiseman and the Oxford Conversions. *H. Brémont.* Free Will and the Conservation of Energy. *E. Portalié.* The Syro-Phœnician Climate, ancient and modern. *H. Lammens.* Wireless Telegraphy. *J. de Joannis.* An Excursion to Soutcheou, the Chinese Venice. *J. M. Gautier.* Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (September 14.)

The Teaching of Holy Scripture on the Devil. *M. Hagen.* Social Life in the Holy Land. *L. Fonck.* Theodor Mommsen on the Persecutions of the early Christians. *C. A. Kneller.* Bernardo Tanucci's Correspondence at Simancas. *B. Duhr.* The New Organ in the Pilgrim Church at Einsiedeln. *Th. Schmid.* Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (September.)

Cenobitical Life as created by St. Pachomius. *Dom U. Berlière.* Unidentified Sources of Paul the Deacon's Book of Homilies. *Dom G. Morin.* Principles of Religious Art. *Dom L. Janssens.* Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (September.)

Early Christian Inscriptions discovered in 1885 at Trion. *A. Poidebard.* A hidden Lamennais. *Abbé Delfour.* Religious Art at the Salons of 1898. *Abbé Broussolle.* Tennyson. *P. Ragey.* Recent Books on Scripture. *E. Jacquier.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (September.)

The Blessed Eucharist and its influence on Holy Living. *J. Sorg.* St. Paul paid but one visit to Galatia before the Epistle to the Galatians. *Dr. V. Weber.* Religious Differences in the East at the present day. The Life of Dr. Pusey. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* Reviews, &c.

